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Guest Editor sends special thanks to Anat and Astarte, the Scarlet Women of Setnakt; Dr. Michael A. Aquino, Dr. Stephen Edred Flowers, Pythagoras, Hans Poelzig, James A. Lewis, Walt Disney and George Bernard Shaw.

Art Director's image subtext: When my car odometer rolled all sixes, I chose to take it as a sign rather than a warning: the light touch of an invisible hand. Whether it was Fate, Luck or Something Else guiding me, I chanced upon some wonderful artists. Without their talents, this issue would have suffered greatly...if the Baptists who cornered me in Kinko's are right, now just our souls will. I'd also like to introduce a brilliant new graphic novel, *Eight Hands* by Glenn Israel, to be seen quarterly within these pages. And as always, thanks to Bill Barker for novel doses of *Xandor Reticulosis*.

welcome to *fringeware*

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"Wherever you find a really conservative area, there will be enclosures of computer-cutting, fringe elements strumming on the strings...historically these communities were small, disjointed, non-interacting in numbers and potentially put with the same sort of wedge-like xines and Internet...these communities can now exchange, write, collect, disseminate..." — Linda Ware

e dio rra nt 666

The war against the forces of unconsciousness has been joined and forgotten by mankind many, many times. We choose to exalt the gift of isolate awareness, we seek after our evolution, we try our hands at practicing freedom—and then we forget. Now as we enter a new millennium, there has never been as many elements in the social mix that favor the threefold principle mentioned above (at least not since the sixth and fifth centuries before the Common Era). Truly we live in the Age of Faust, where parents skimp and save to send their kids off to college, so that they might have knowledge and power,

the very qualities Faust sold his soul for. Yet we also live on the brink of a new and terrible age of dependence as our technology to self-hypnotize becomes nearly perfect. If we care for this gifted race which is mankind, it is our moral imperative to align ourselves on the side of the Force of Rebellion and Curiosity. In this self-generated light we look at some of the facets of that archetype. In our magazine, our product line, our political action, we at *FringeWare* are only firing the first shots in the war against unconsciousness, and if the Earth is to awaken and drink of her new powers, many, many will

have to begin their fight. We exalt both reason and the dark side that sometime leads to more than reason, but most of all we exalt the principle of desire, which causes women and men to always seek to become more than what they seem. With this formula of power do we join the war against unconsciousness: *Hu Ha Ho Hum*. Many will S e k after these words, but only the Wise shall find the gateway.

—Don

Ve²



Below this in the left hand column follows a series of words; if read in order (from top to bottom, left to right), they form a sentence. This sentence outlines my desires as they pertain to your Man-ga-zine. If you do not understand any of the words I have used please see the right hand column for an explanation of these meanings. Please do not be insulted by the fact that I felt it necessary to explain simple English words, but you ARE Americans and I was born and raised watching TV (or film as we call it here in the hollow earth) that Americans are stupid. Seeing as how I call them directly beneath the continental United States or America, this would explain why spelling and grammatical errors.

325 BLACK

Dear Friend,

I read in PRACTICAL ANARCHY that you've reprinted "The Abolition of Work" -- thanks muchly. Any chance you could send me a copy of that issue?

I was deliberately agnostic, but implicitly sceptical, about the role technology might play in the abolition of work. If you can get people more two-dimensional than I am ~~not~~ take the topic up; that would be excellent. (You are maybe aware I had some influence on Bruce Sterling's *Islands in the Net* and Lewis Shiner's *Slam*. Actually, I wouldn't be surprised if you are Sterling and/or Shiner.)

Take it easy

I would like a subscription to . Positive square root of minus one. Used in auxiliary function to express wish, desire or intent. To feel attraction toward or take pleasure in. Abbr., often cap 1) absent 2)adult 3)anode 4)ante 5)author. A purchase by prepayment for a certain number of issues (as of a periodical). WIReD Telegraph office (or, as those corporate bastards at "Sparkle Choke"), would say "an onramp to the information super-highway". Pringware Review, enclosed is \$12 for a one year subscription. Gees, you must be up... you SHOULD know what it means. To give a critical evaluation of. To include along with something else in a parcel or envelope. This word doesn't have a very interesting definition, but it just happens to be right below "IRS" in the dictionary. A memory address. Abbr. Forestry. The 6th vowel, if you count from the end, and include "y"). A basic angular unit or thing. 2nd" The period of about 365.25 solar days required for one revolution of the earth around the sun. The same as the above use of "subscription", but this time I've include a period, aren't I tricky? My name is Matthew Bill Dobervich and live at . Abbr. Million years. A word or phrase used that constitutes the distinctive designation of a person or thing. If you read it backwards it means "The 7th tone of the diatonic scale in solmization". My third from the last name. My center name. My third name. A logical operator equivalent to the sentential connective. It still means "Positive square root of minus one"! 2) "one". Connected to electric power. Sym. of statine.

12. ($26 = ?$)

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CRYPT/Q/FACTION

PLANET HOLLYWOOD/PROJECT HOLLYWOOD/SHARON STONE/NIKE
NONSENSE/HOUSE THE HOMELESS/FREE
MEDICAL!/R.H.I.C.E.D.O.M.D.P.D.C.R.C./BEWARE THE CLERGY
MARCUS AND TONY/±±

SAME OLD WEST TRAIL/DELTA DAWN/"C.S.R.V."/EXPOSED

AVATAR/Abard O'GILLIAN SOUND:/ THE SOUND OF SCRIPTED LIGHT;
MUNDI UNIVERSALIS ANIMA SPIRITU TEMPLI. G-NU: NO, ORMUS:
NO, ORION: NO, BREACH SEC. BARD O' GILLIAN SOUND/AVATAR/A
quid pro Nihil LUX 78/ Thus SANCTUARY BREACH/M&M 5026,
TERMINEX BARD O' GILLIAN SOUND/AVATAR/A TO TERMINEX TRAIL
TO M&M 5026; REGARD TO LUX 78. M&M 5026 YET KNOWN TO
SANCTUARY//PROTOCOL ENFORCE: BARD: R.I.P. AVATAR: R.I.P.
TO COVER: LUX 78 R.I.P. FOR M&M 5026 R.I.P.

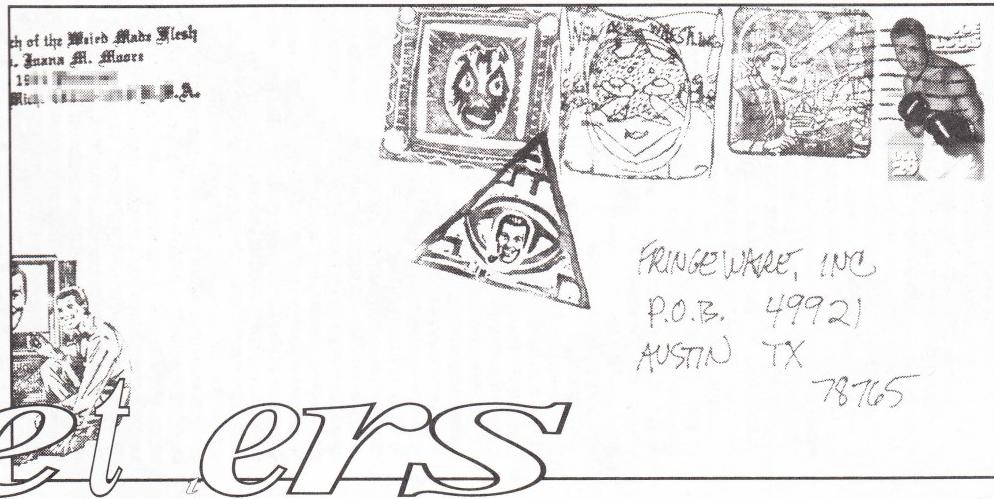
ENFORCE PROTO-DIRECTIVE TO RETRO-PROTOCOL CLEARANCE/±°:
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TO DIRECTIVE/±°°.

PROJECT HOPE!?

Now that you know about my desires I feel you should know a little more about me. I am a dynamic figure often seen scaling walls and crushing ice. I have been known to remodel train stations on my lunch breaks, making them more efficient in the area of heat retention. I translate ethnic slurs for Cuban refugees. I write award-winning operas. I manage time efficiently. Occasionally I tread water for three days in a row. I won Women with my sensuous and godlike trombone playing. I can pilot bicycles up severe inclines in unflagging speed, and I cook Thirty-Minute Brownies in twenty minutes. I am an expert in stucco, a master of the art of graffiti, and an authority on Puerto Rican fashion. I have been known to bodiless fiends and alien Jews from a corporate planet and get away with their hubcaps. Using only a hoe and a large glass of water, I once single-handedly defended a small village in the Amazon Basin from a horde of ferocious army ants. I play bluegrass cello. I was scouted by the Mets. I am the subject of numerous documentaries. When I'm bored, I build large suspension bridges in my yard. I enjoy urban hang gliding. On Wednesdays, after school, I repair electrical appliances free of charge. I'm a Cyberpunk and a Hack. I think tanks. I work for the CIA as an abstract artist, a concrete analyst, and a ruthless cookie. I tricycle worldwide, swoon over my original line of corduroy evening wear. I don't perspire. I am a private citizen, yet I receive fan mail. I have been caller number nine and have won the weekend passes. Last summer I toured New Jersey with a traveling centrifugal-force demonstration. I bat .400. My deft floral arrangements have earned me fame in international botany circles. Children trust me. I bend my genes and whittle at DNA with the sheer force of my mighty will. I can juggle ten radishes simultaneously, never missing a catch. Once I read Paradise Lost, Moby Dick and David Copperfield in one day and still had time to refurbish an entire dining room that evening. I know the exact location of every food item in the supermarket. I have performed covert operations for the CIA and the MIB. I sleep once a week; when I do sleep, I sleep in a chair. While on vacation in Canada, I successfully negotiated with a group of terrorists who had seized a small bakery. The laws of physics do not apply to me. I am a Thuggee, I am feared in the Tong, I have the Evil Eye, I carry the Mojo Bag: I swim the Bermuda Triangle and didn't get wet! Yes, I'm a subgenius! I balance, I weave, I dodge, I frolic, and my bills are all paid. On weekends I let off steam, I participate in full-contact origami. Years ago I once created the most elaborate paper airplane ever reported to write it down. I have made extraordinary four-course meals using only a Mouli and a toaster oven. I breed prizewinning clams. I kidnapped the future and ransomed it for the past. I have won bullfights in San Juan, cliff diving competitions in Sri Lanka, and spelling bees at the Kremlin. I have played Hamlet, performed open-heart surgery, and spoken with Bob Dylan and Elvis. But I have not yet gone to college.

Matthew E Dobbynich - AKA - Peter Pain

Na e Na - AKA - PERE^EPDIN
S





Set is Mighty

IV within the
Fame of Darkness

..by Don Webb, 0004200716@mci.com

When I began the assignment of putting together FWR666, I wanted to interview a real radical practitioner of Black Magic. Not someone who was going through a Goth phase, or whose connection with the Prince of Darkness was a fashion statement. I interviewed a "bishop" of the Temple of Set, an international initiatory organization in its nineteenth year of operation (by contrast the Golden Dawn only lasted ten years). My bishop chose to be interviewed under his magical name of Setnakt, an Egyptian nominal sentence meaning "Set is Mighty." His titles are Magister Templi, Herald of the Order of the Trapezoid, and the Grandmaster of the Order of Setne Khamuast. The interview took place on October 16, which according to the Calendar of Cairo is the day Isis and Nephtys weep, for Set has slain Osiris. This is also the anniversary of Belzoni discovering the tomb of Seti I, the Pharaoh whose name means "Set's man."

fwr: So what is Black Magic?

s: Black Magic is the process of changing one's subjective universe so that a proportional change will occur in the objective universe depending on the passion and precision of the operator. The white magician believes in some force outside him- or herself that can be manipulated. The Black Magician revels in his or her isolateness,

attitude toward Set is as dynamic or evolving as the principle of isolate intelligence itself. Of greater importance is the individual's attitude toward him- or herself, a mix of self-love and dissatisfaction that impels them to transform their lives into a process of Initiation, or structuring more and more of their activities to reflect and challenge the god they seek to become. Our symbol, the inverted Pentagram within a circle, has two points raised signifying the we hold Change and Creativity over rest and preservation.

fwr: So why the trappings of conventional evil? Black robes, meetings at night, the love of diabolical imagery?

s: Antinomianism is important. We begin by breaking the social conventions. Breaking these small fetters gives us both the practice and the energy to break the greater fetters—those self-imposed limitations which hinder our development. Because of dedication to civilization (like Plato says in the *Phaedrus* "You must forgive me dear friend: I'm a lover of learning; and trees and open country won't teach me anything, whereas men in the town do.") we honor the laws of men. There has been a great deal of nonsense written about "Satanic" crime, and despite this being debunked so well in *In*

of FWR" and mentioned that you had over 200 articles and stories published, in six languages, I believe you said. I think all effective people are prideful of being in some ways. The important thing in the world is not the title, but the effectiveness of the individual. If an intellect is not to be dissolved by the cascades of eternity, it must create and cause change. In order to cause change, it must change itself. The Temple offers a graded structure to test one's skills against, but that's only for training purposes. The real test of the magician is not how many titles he can get, but the twofold challenge of changing his to her subjective universe and the objective universe around him. The Temple's degree system is an illustrative Working of the principle that isolate intelligence is not omnipotent; it must work to produce changes in the universe. This again reflects our lack of worship to an omnipotent god like the fictional Jehovah, but emulation of a finite force (like Set) that is opposed to divine mindlessness.

Orders represent specialized study groups in the Temple. I would imagine our best known Order is the *Order of the Vampyre*, mentioned in Norine Dresser's book *American Vampires*. An Order represents an attempt to explain and further the initiation of a Fourth Degree, a Magister

After creating the space all the magic rises from the individuals

knowing that they are ultimately the gods of their own creation. The "black" of Satanism, the color of revolt against god, has become the "black" of Setianism—the color of the self-created god. Our crystallization of this process is in our watchword of *Xeper* (pronounced "Khefer"), an Egyptian sentence reading, "I have come into being." Our role model is Set, the principle of isolate intelligence.

fwr: Do you worship Set?

s: Do you worship "Freedom" or "Evolution"? No, of course not. Let us say that Set might be viewed as a friend, who represents the essence of the Left Hand Path to us. An individual's

Pursuit of Satan by Robert D. Hicks and other books—people are more likely to ascribe criminal intent to us, rather than face the greater challenge we give society. The challenge to think. When we make people think we are expanding that principle of isolate intelligence. The ultimate good of that principle is its preservation and expansion.

fwr: You have this string of titles you gave me. I'm always a little leery of titles and authority generally. What is all this? The "Order of the Trapezoid"?

s: When you contacted me for this interview, you described yourself as "Contributing editor

Templi; it is a remanifestation of their initiation. The Order of the Trapezoid existed originally in our evolutionary predecessor the Church of Satan as a secret society to produce world change. The Order still serves this function of changing social and political reality so that the magicians and philosophers of today will not be meat for the burning stakes. But in addition the Order of the Trapezoid investigates certain aspects of time and cognition, in order to influence the past and future as well. Beyond this I can not say, and merely refer the interested individual to Stephen E. Flower's book *Fire and Ice* wherein



some of the electrical practices of our Order are discussed.

fwr: You're not fooling me with this. I know that the Order of the Trapezoid has a pretty sinister heritage.

N: You mean you think we're Nazis. The order in its present form was re-cast into the world by Michael Aquino in a Working at the Hall of the Dead of Himmler's Castle. In fact he consecrated an SS blade. I know

third is that knowing the real you must act on it. Now if you want become a philosopher, try this formula on a situation you believe you are familiar with.

One of the most interesting aspects of the Order of the Trapezoid is its exploration of geometry and architecture. There is precious little work on the effect of certain angles upon consciousness; although certainly the eerie phrases of H.P. Lovecraft's fiction might provide the

useful hint or two. With the coming of recreational mathematics, such as programs to generate fractals for your home computer, there are whole varieties of magic only now being invented, and you can be sure that the Order of the Trapezoid will be there, in fact, is there.

fwr: Does Set do something for you? Answer prayers, grant boons?

The greatest magicians are like flute players in the desert night. Unseen we walk among you, and when you feel that you are working your own wonders, you are working ours

because I've used the dagger myself in magical Workings. Considering the Order has gays, Jews, and blacks among its membership—if we're Nazis we're pretty damn bad at it. No, our agenda has nothing to do with racial or biological "triumphs of the will." Breeding programs are for domestic animals. The ruthless desire to change the world we may share with the Nazis, but we aren't interested in racial or national lines—nor does the crude power of the boot fascinate us. The greatest magicians are like flute players in the desert night. Unseen we walk among you, and when you feel that you are working your own wonders, you are working ours.

Of course we are not egotistical enough to think that we ourselves are not products of the magical workings of others. One of the benefits of the Temple is its 300-book reading list, which can help the seeker discover the forces that shaped him and her (and therefore begin to pull their own strings). One of the ideas associated with the principle of isolate intelligence is that it is not omniscient, it must work hard to see clearly. Question everything you encounter. In fact, here's a gift for you. When encountering anything, try this formula; Awaken, See, Act. The first assumes you've fallen asleep, the second that it takes work to find out what's really going on, and the

s: The mythological lens we have created to view the Real processes places Set in the position of a Giver of the gift of isolate awareness. We would say that when life reached a stage of sufficient complexity to hold this Gift that the Gift became manifest here. Set's only Gift to us is the awareness that we are apart from the Cosmos and responsible for our own decisions. Followers of the Right Hand Path try to destroy this Gift by seeking unity with the cosmos. We honor the Gift by reveling in our selfhood. Remember that the Egyptian god Set slew two opponents. Firstly Osiris, the principle of death, and secondly Apesep, the principle of divine mindlessness. Our choice of Set is part of an illustrative working of our principles. We seek independent immortality and self-deification through the practice of magic in an initiatory schema. The Gift of knowing our separateness is all we need. It is perfect, that it is to say, complete.

fwr: What about mystic revelations?

s: I think Umberto Eco's remark in *The Name of the Rose* that mystics seek to communicate with the forces that we, the magicians, control, sums up our approach to mysticism. There is a place for direct knowledge, what Plato called *noesis*, but that pinnacle is only to be sought after much training in logic and rationality. Greater



Black Magic contains the secret of obtaining noesis. Noesis is hard work, not something in a capsule, or reading a cheap paperback.

Xeper is the change that takes places through the long search for the mysteries of the Self. If you think of the knights of the Graal, Xeper would not be the Graal, but the long road traveled. Fortunately an application of your mind can sometimes give glimpses of that which is often sought but seldom found. The principle of isolate intelligence can inform or teach those possessed of it. The glimpses are only useful as targets for what the psyche can become. Strengthening self-awareness comes not through isolation and mediation, but through exposure and expression of the self. Even Crowley knew that. In the *Book of the Law* "Ye shall find them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy: and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater joy than then this."

fwr: Do you think the world would be better if everyone joined the Temple of Set?

s: Absolutely not. The Temple—*like all human institutions*—is created as a tool for our own development. If it's not the tool for you, don't even think about it. It may be a damn fine screwdriver, but what you may need are pruning shears. The Temple provides a place for discourse for people seeking after the mystery of their own becoming. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone who hasn't tried more conventional philosophies and finds them wanting. I think Gurdjieff was probably right, that humans need a School in order to "escape" from their self-imposed trance, but as Schools go the Temple is fairly rough. No guided curriculum, no spoon-fed lessons. The real prizes in life are the ones you win for your self. To give more (if possible) would be to take.

We provide forums for discussion, opportunities for group magical work, and a really great get together. After creating the space all the magic rises from the individuals.

fwr: So how can I have a Setian experience? How do I find the Temple of Set?

s: I don't know if you want a Setian experience, but the real seeker is always welcome. The presence of isolate intelligence in us the flesh is necessary.

Like most secret societies, the Temple of Set is very hard to contact, you would have to look up our phone number in the San Francisco phone book (under *Churches: Satanic*). Or you

could write for our General Information letter from:

Temple of Set
PO Box 470307
San Francisco, CA 94147 USA

Some of our members also post on **alt.Satanism**. If you really want a Setian experience, find some dark quiet place, and see if you can still your mind from all the ads you heard on TV last week. Then ask yourself, calmly and clearly: "Am I ready to forswear mindlessness, accept the pleasures and pains of existence, to seek after the mystery of my own creation? Do I dare my own answers, or do I accept the answers of others?" If you decide that the text of others is an affront to yourself—but more importantly if you're filled with a sense of wonder at yourself and the Cosmos—maybe you should write for the General Information Letter. If you decide that it's better to stick with the scriptures of your fathers, I wish you well, because I wish happiness for all men save those who would torment and hinder me. If you decide that you feel silly for even taking a moment of your life to ask about it, you deserve the life you get.

fwr: I didn't know what to make of this man. I had expected talk about incantations and magical formula, or why Set was a better god than YHVH, or at least something about Heavy Metal music. Instead he made me think about my life, and I do not know that that made me happy. And yet, I have to say that the men that have ever really made me think are too damn few in number.

Ed's Note: There is also an **email forum** for the **Temple of Set**: The XEPERA-L mailing list is for serious discussion of Setian Philosophy, and is available to both **members** and non-members of the Temple of Set. The moderator provided me with the following data:

"It is expected that all participants will treat each other with respect, avoid personal attacks, and refrain from discussions which are irrelevant to the purpose of this mailing list."

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1/2





subcultbabble 101:

magdalen on Things Gothic
..by Tiffany Lee Brown, magdalen@well.com

So who 'zactly are these legendary Goth creatures? As with any subculture, it's hard to pin 'em down. Let's start with an image nearly all our dear readers will have seen at some point: kids with flowing black clothes, white faces, and lots of black eyeliner. You have perhaps wondered WTF is up with them, and with people who try to look like vampyres, and pouty twentysomethings in black T-shirts who seem too pointedly haughty to be generic Gen-Xers, and gorgeous fetish babes who sorta look like they're dressed for the grave rather than for the dungeon.

Writers like yers truly just fuck it all up when they try to explicate subcultures, but somebody's gotta do it. My own experiences have brought me in contact with the so-called goth scene intermittently over the last decade, though I should warn you that mine is a fundamentally West Coast point of view. YMMV. Like many others who end up returning to goth clubs and music every few years, I seem to have a fixation with Death which finds itself soothed and fulfilled by Things Gothic. Despite my propensity for slovenly attire and no-bullshit communication, I'm also addicted to the sense of ritual and æsthetic

themselves with the group.) Hardcore punks and hippies don't necessarily bathe very often, or wear makeup. Punk and its bastardized commercial offspring, the media-titled Grunge movement, aspire to externalize their rejection of conventional society by subverting it. **fucked up,** comfortable clothing for the clean, rigid, and perky duds yer stuck-in-the-fifties parents always wanted you to wear. The æsthetic relies upon potentially-violent sloppiness (or a carefully-reconstructed pretense thereof) and the attitude that you honestly don't give a fuck what people think of you. Mortified though many latter-day punks might be to think of it, a similar motivation lay behind the original hippie anti-æsthetic, where organic materials and shapes sought to externalize the flowing qualities of nature where Cold War man had instituted three-piece suits and all they represented. Pardon the irony, but both mohawks and stringy long hair try to signify the rejection of a shallow society intent on keeping up with the Joneses and little else.

The goths fled in the opposite direction: past conventional fashion, whose crime isn't its

help them blend in with the wallpaper. Practitioners of theatre understand very well the subconscious semiotic games being played in the guise of supposedly "normal", casual conversation: how the body moves, what it is draped in, the choice of words, tone of voice or the flick of an eyelash can determine the outcome. In the theatre, these external elements are mastered to create ritual and entertainment.

Walk into a goth club, and you see this same cunning, playful manipulation of details taken from the stage and thrown into what might be a costume ball. Black is everywhere: hair, clothing, eyes, lips. Perfectly blood-crimson lips and hair extensions materialise next, along with deep purple dresses and tresses. Proper white collared shirts glow in the dim light, while the occasional off-white Victorian wedding-gown or ivory '30s dress will float by as well. The goths, who go out of their way to be a sensual set, get off on the tactile beauty of their gear as much as its visual effect: velvets, satins, leathers, brocades, sheers, laces (though lace has fallen by the wayside since the '80s)—anything lush and sumptuous. For a group of people rumoured to be exceptionally

You should be able to kick around a few Byron quotes here and there, and recount Shelley's death with heartfelt accuracy (didn't he like die on a boat or something?)

which differentiate the goths from most other American cultures.

I Wear Black On The Outside...

'cos black is how i feel on the inside

The two most prominent subcultures I've run into are punk and the hippie trip. In them, participants usually adhere to a loose cluster of æsthetic parameters, but everyone involved pretends that exteriors mean little to them. (Let's bypass the hypocrisy involved, when they like the rest of society typically wear certain signifiers to identify

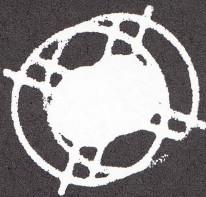
rigidity but its sheer dullness and tendency to follow embarrassing trends, and onward to a hyperstylised self-presentation reminiscent of the Courts of centuries past. Goths are renowned for their vanity and apparent shallowness; I believe the goth æsthetic is actually quite honest, embracing the notion that externalizations such as clothing and gesture form an intricate interpersonal art form, a dance of communication. It's refreshing compared to the equally intricate games played by those who present a studiedly "casual" façade, hoping their Gap shirts will

dictatorial in their tastes, they can be most creative and eclectic. Cheesy classic deathrock bits like torn fishnet sleeves, and Robert Smith hairdos straight out of the early '80s, nuzzle up against the hippest new fetish gear. Goths manage to dig up gorgeous period pieces, mostly evocative of the '20s or of Victorian fashion, and many can even wear the things properly, playing the appropriate body language to the hilt.

As you nervously approach the crowded bar for a dollar-drink special, you'll notice some other things. Makeup ranging from pale to deathly



white on many faces, both male and female, accompanied by exotically-applied eyeliner and severe lipstick. Lots of curious if pretentious objects: fluttering fans, scarves, silver cigarette cases, lunchbox handbags, crucifixes, hats, and miles of silver jewelry. A man bending at the waist to kiss a woman's hand. Angelic, dour boys in long skirts and pointy boots. Expansive, melodramatic dancers flailing and swirling, refusing to acknowledge each other even when they collide. Impeccably-dressed, attractive women sitting all alone yet not being harassed. Frankly, you may find them all ridiculously snotty poseurs, what with their wannabe-regal airs and seemingly unbreakable attitudes. Stay long enough, though, and the drugs and alcohol will kick in thoroughly, revealing kids with fake IDs and eyeliner drooling drunkenly down their cheeks, stoned speedfreaks giggling, drunk speedfreaks dancing and fighting, bedraggled gentlemen hiking up their skirts to take down the lights. Though it may appear otherwise, people have dressed up and come out to have a good time, and to do so in the most decadent of ways.



If you asked them, the majority of these people would not admit to being goths. Most of those who would are the sort of irritating obsessives you find in any cultural group, like the self-proclaimed hippie that buys every new *Dead* shirt as soon as it hits the market or the poet who wears a beret and turtleneck. These are the folks who desperately needed an identity to cling to, a pre-existing aesthetic to buy and adopt rather than create; they're invariably the people who uphold and propagate the codes and clichés of a subculture. So what's the stereotypical goth of this sort like? Where hippies have hyper-friendliness and Luv, these goths have a comical level of snobbery, cattiness, and a calculated air of impenetrable mystery. Where punks often pretend to be less cultured and articulate than they are, yer local cliché-goth will likely present himself as well-read and emotionally intellectual, with a vocabulary of words and gestures gleaned from faerie tales, Victorian literature, and heroic ballads. The correct political stance is apolitical, and while the proper drugs change over the years



and according to geography, speed's the classic drug of choice. The face will be pale and powdered, the eyebrows painted in black points which shadow the inner eyelids in an immaculate line; the clothing will most definitely come in black.

As The Millennium Turns:

the emergence of a NeoGoth scene

What's interesting about this culture isn't the surprisingly small group of people who wear full costuming and whiteface 24/7, but the way that its recent resurrection integrates a variety of musical and aesthetic tastes. Odd as it may sound, my theory is that the increased popularity of Things Gothic owes much to the Rave trend at the turn of the decade. As that pushed repetitive techno music into regular discos and radio formats, people started delving into darker technology-driven music such as technio-industrialists *Skinny Puppy*. Much to the chagrin of oldschool industrial types, a new "industrial" movement started gaining momentum, showcasing *Ministry*'s industrial deathmetal crossover and the Top 40 success of *Nine Inch Nails*. The explosion of general indie and "alternative" music as a popular phenomenon helped out, too: all these newly-mainstreamed bands had common influences from the days when flat boys would beat you up for having a leather jacket and funny hair, instead of jumpin' into the pit with ya at a *Dickies* show (Dude!).

People new to these genres of music and the subcultures they spawned started digging up those influences and giving 'em a spin, and pretty soon there was a fresh crop o' youngsters gazing at Bixia's made-up face on old *Einsturzende Neubauten* videotapes, discovering *Bauhaus* for the first time, finding Al Jourgenson's cheesy '80s dance tunes, and praying that the entire 4AD catalogue might be released domestically on compact disc. Some small group of goth types had endured through the '80s in most large cities and hipster towns, and found their ranks swelling as the population at large gained exposure to music and fashion previously confined to the underground and to independent music labels. For several years now, the goth capital cities (London, New York, San Francisco) have boomed with golf clubs, local bands, and 'zines. The resounding success of House of Usher, the East (SF) Bay club that proved you really could rejuvenate this tired old scene enough to make serious money off it, owes much to its owners'

creation of two separate dancefloors in a single club: one industrial, one gothic.

But wait, there's more! In addition to marrying the black-leather-wearing New Industrial scene to the extant retro-gothic scene, the neo-goth resurgence has cross-pollinated nicely with the fetish scene, the cyberpunks (yes, I hate that word as much as you do), the exponential growth of the Internet, the underground comic and 'zine network, and a rising interest in the arts of self-decoration (piercing, tattoos, etc.). As always, other marginal groups with proclivities for theatricality—SCA members, RPG fanatics, drama geeks, Renaissance Faire guildmembers, wiccans, and the terminally suicidal—are still attracted to the goth set. It all makes for quite the tasty brew once it has fermented long enough.

Weeping, Wailing, and the Gnashing of Teeth

Music acts as the cornerstone of most popcults, and can't possibly be treated thoroughly in this space. If you're into the idea, get ahold of the fanzines listed under **SOURCES**. Suffice to say the music wafting out of gothic clubs ranges from historical deathrock (*Bauhaus, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Joy Division*) to second-wave gothic (*Fields of the Nephilim, Christian Death, Sisters of Mercy*) to new indie-goth hybrids. Some of the most distinctive music associated with Things Gothic can only be described as mood music, whether it's ethereal, ominous, or sparse. *Dead Can Dance* and *Cocteau Twins* have popularized the ethereal sound, usually featuring lush arrangements, swooning female vocals, and often incorporating elements of Irish folk, medieval, classical, and middle eastern music. From the crunchier sounds of *My Bloody Valentine* and *lovesliescrushing*, and the symphonic chaos of *Cranes* or the recent *Miranda Sex Garden* releases, a whole new generation of post-ethereal bands continues to evolve.

Ominous mood music ranges from the Wagneresque horror of *In Slaughter Natives* to the soundscapes of *Caul*; again, subcultural crossbreeding has birthed a wide range of techno-industrial-cybergothic soundtracks. On the sparse end of the scale, the *Death In June/Current 93/Sol Invictus* formula combines morbid lyrics, hypnotic acoustic guitars, and experimental sounds: for a heightened experience, be sure to keep razorblades poised at your wrists while listening. And you're bound to find old farts who still keep some

guilty pleasures around—'80s English popsters like early *Cure, Smiths, and Tears for Fears*, the deathpunk of *45 Grave* and pre-glam *TSOL*, or the moody disco of *New Order* and *Tones On Tail*.

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Face it, kids, you live in a society whose obsession with Death is matched only by its insistence that one continually maintain a mask of cheerfulness or neutrality. Colonial-style religion, which used to provide a ritual release for feelings of fear and death, has largely been exposed as a patriarchal scam.

You will watch *Cops*, you will run to see *Natural Born Killers*, but you will still toddle into work and smile Hello at the boss the day after your best friend commits suicide. The hippies tried to make you too uniformly joyful and mellow; your foray into punk let out some anger but did nothing for the lingering melancholia. The poets gave you deep verbiage but they didn't know how to dress, and the sullen slackers sneered at anything remotely dramatic. And while the Protestant preacher gave you lots of Death, and Mass gave you ritual satisfaction to breathe in like license, they expected you to believe in God, fer Chrissakes!

I can't stomach being around it *too* much, but sometimes it's a relief to sip Chartreuse with an entire room full of people who've given up and welcomed Death. A good goth club or party feels like a Christian funeral smashing into a raticous wake: some are there to mourn, others to celebrate the dead with wine, song, and incoherent rambling. No one is going to stare at the scars on your wrists in such an environment, nor try to stop you from driving 120mph on the bridge after you've snorted up a quarter and chased it with a litre of bad red wine. No one's gonna care whether your sour, aching mood arises out of severe pain or out of the need to make an impression. Nor does it matter whether you've actually punctured human flesh with those ridiculous fangs you had custom-made.

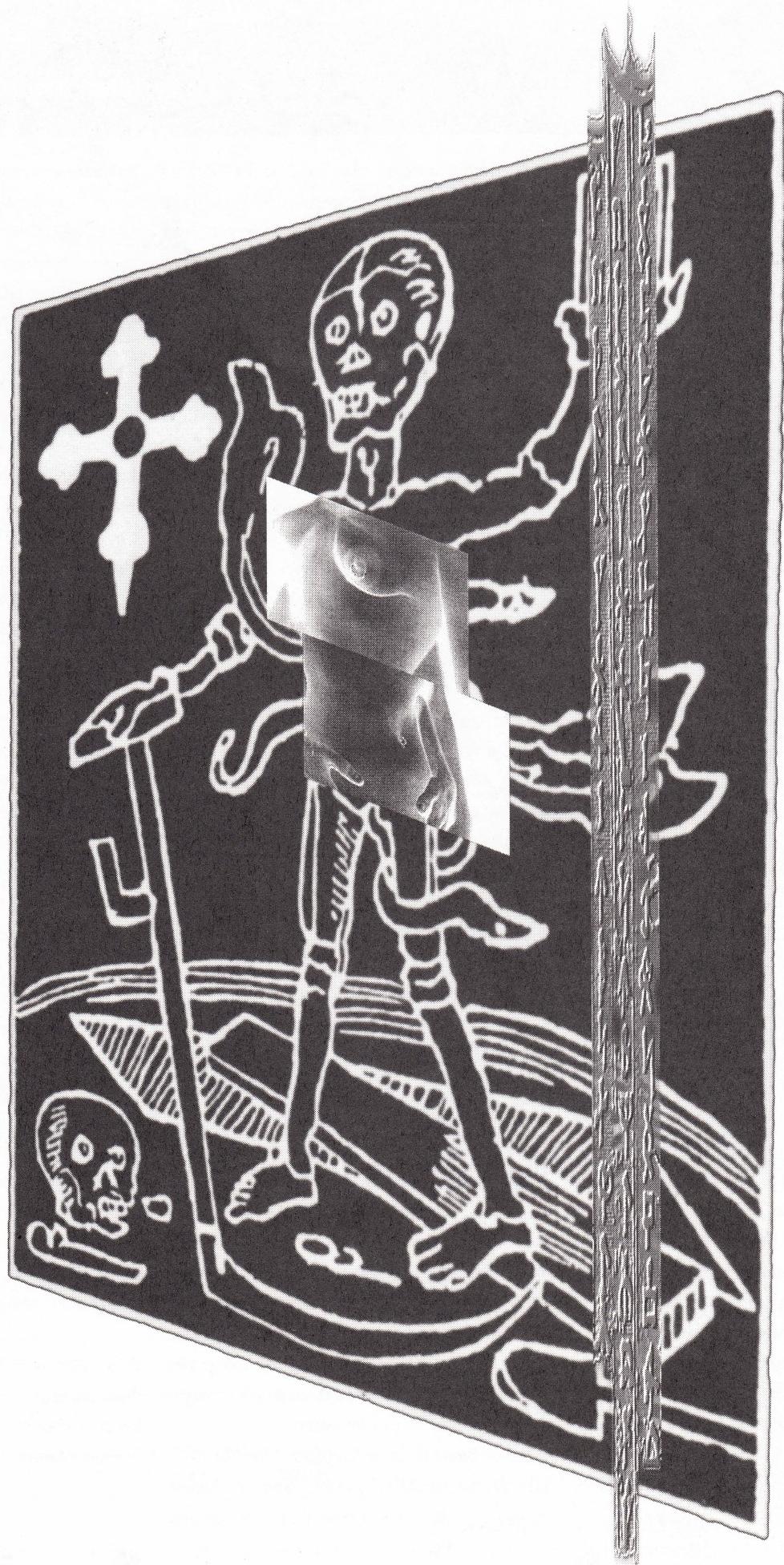
The house, club, or cemetery you're partying in is likely decked out in Things Gothic. Among all the dead flowers, skulls, and candles, who's gonna look askance at the crucifix around your neck? The props of Death attract people for different reasons. Some have a heartfelt reaction to religious iconography, often rooted in childhood experiences with the church; others are attracted to the mystery of the post-corporeal life represented in objects which evoke thoughts of mortality. Some



just want a solid talisman to grasp while they mourn life itself, while many are drawn to the classical æsthetic often employed in rendering icons. And there will always be those who don't really care to think about art, Death, or afterlives, but who want to look cool. Regardless of the motive, people who want to play with the props of Death aren't given much of an opportunity to do so in conventional society.

Except in religious subcultures, of course. Is the goth scene religious? While a fair percentage of its members are ex-Christians or current pagans, goth has nothing to do with religion. The closest thing to a Deity it offers would have to be Peter Murphy or Andrew Eldritch—mere mortals who happen to be the subject of much fawning, rather like Elvis. Laughing at the corniness of Deathprops and quasi-religious elements is probably more common than revering them. Goth *appropriates* from religion, using its **imagery** and ritual to exorcise the demons of Death and indulge in decadent stylisation. It has no interest in either approximating religion or fostering it.

Deadly, theatrical, and a bit over-the-top, Things Gothic definitely hold a selective appeal. I for one will be thoroughly amazed if the goth subculture ever gets adopted by the mainstream, but then again in 8th grade I wouldn't have imagined punk ever crossing over. Times change, and if folks stop dismissing the goths as absurdly pretentious we just may see Rozz on the cover of *Rolling Stone* in a couple of years. Stranger things have happened.



Sources o' Things Gothic

..by Tiffany Lee Brown, magdalen@well.com

shiny books of leather...

The Dark Side is like a great, bleeding stain upon our Judeo-Christian culture, seeping quietly through the centuries and nursing most of our greatest writers. You will find no shortage of ex-Catholics and modern mystics burrowing in the corners of a goth club; thus, I must recommend such hackneyed classics as *The Bible* (King James, naturally), *The Necronomicon*, anything by Crowley but particularly the *Book of Lies*, one or two of Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism* books, and Anton LaVey's preciously corny *Satanic Bible*. From here, your personal deep spirituality should inform the collection—anything involving runes, Wicca, herbology, the Golden Dawn, the Saints (gold stars if they've been, uh, de-sainted by the Pope), or sex magick is fair game, unless it has one of those embarrassing Gnu Wage cover illustrations with rainbow unicorns and stuff.

One of my favourite tangents is getting ahold of paperbacks from the '50s and '60s with kitschy covers, featuring pop-supernatural phenomena (Edgar Cayce, the Bermuda Triangle, etc. Not terribly gothic, but a lotta fun!). Any large, black, handbound tome full of spidery handwriting and mysterious diagrams will add atmosphere to your library...you get extra points (1) if you yourself handcopied this book from the teachings of your Master, or (2) if it says "He Who Openeth this Book Shall Forever Burn in the Deepeft Depth" in blood on the title page.

I gather that goths are expected to wallow in the Romantics, as far as poetry and fiction are concerned. You should be able to kick around a few Byron quotes here and there, and recount Shelley's death with heartfelt accuracy (didn't he like die on a boat or something?). Books about the Romantics work, too, and usually have better pictures. Speaking of pictures, you'll also want to have at least one coffee-table volume about the Victorian era and/or vampyres. Try *Vampire: The Complete Guide to the World of the Undead* (Manuela Dunn Mascetti, Viking Studio Books), which features lovely photos and typefaces while remaining utterly devoid of substantive content. Your library will also contain lots of various Brontës (you really should know more about *Wuthering Heights* than you learned from the Kate Bush song), various existentialists (the usual: Camus, Kafka, Dostoevsky), and various horror writers. Edgar Allan Poe and Bram Stoker are indispensable of course, but you'll need some Lovecraft, Arthur Machen, or Sheridan LeFanu to keep things interesting.

By all means procure *The New Gothic* (ed. Bradford Morrow/Patrick McGrath, Vintage Books/Random House), with well-selected short stories by Jamaica Kincaid, Peter Straub, William T. Vollman, etcetera, and some of Poppy Z. Brite's novels. The first, *Lost Souls* (Penguin Books), might be hard to find but recounts tales of unabashedly gothclubesque vampyres. And speaking of those fanged creatures of the night, Anne Rice's tedious tales are staples of goth literature. Personally, I think everything since the first novel pretty much sucks, but then I'm not a goth.

A fair number of goths are also comix geeks, collecting noir, erotica, and underground graphic novels. The mainstream works—like Neil Gaiman's *Death* and James O'Barr's *The Crow*—can be found at most comic books shops. Look there for John Bergin's *From Inside*, just published by Kitchen Sink Press. Reading this searing graphic novel is somewhat akin to dropping acid just before touring Auschwitz. If you can't find it locally, send for *Grinder*, a small catalogue full of art and music by Bergin, O'Barr, and a few others (PO Box 45182, Kansas City, MO 64111). Also write to *PuppyToss* for their wide range of homegrown artcomix (PO Box Berkeley, CA). I recommend k capelli's *Faces*, Christopher Hatfield's *O*, and the group's anthology, *Skim Lizard*. And ask if they can get you a copy of the gothic parody *Little Goth Girl* (remember the Little Match Girl story? Heh heh heh).

go thickza mi zda ta

Propaganda (PO Box 296 New Hyde Park, NY, 11040, \$6/US\$7.75 int'l. Get it cheaper at your local oddball bookstore.) This 'zine, a staple of the goth set, epitomizes the best and the worst of those who wave the Gothic flag: altogether too serious and literal, shallow to an almost admirable extent, and predictable in its precise manufacture of image. I must say I'm captivated by the juicy black and white photos of boys with high cheekbones and painted faces, skulls in shrouds, lead singers in leathers and velvet. And they score interviews with brilliant musicians such as Nefilim, Dead Can Dance, Diamanda Galas, Christian Death. Most of the writing, unfortunately, borders on laughable; appropriately, articles are cut short at two pages lest anything thought-provoking should slip past the editors.

Blue Blood (3 Calabar Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20877 USA. \$20 domestic/US\$33 int'l for 3-issue sub.) Beneath the shrouded speedfreaks looking down their white-powdered

noses and the awkward fanboys in their Sisters of Mercy T-shirts lurk witty, insatiable fetishists with nasty senses of humour. Or so I would like to think. *Blue Blood*'s rising popularity suggests that there's a whole population of blood-drinking, armour-wearing B/D practitioners who take their gothic aesthetics with a grain of salt. Amelia G's mischievous writing style and creative editorial choices make this collection of erotica, fashion, bands, and fantasy a truly joyous read.

Amelia also puts out a snappy lil' Xerox number called *B.L.T.—Lunch with an Edge* (it actually stands for Black Leather Times). Eclectic and goofy, BLT includes such epiphanal editorial comments as: "What really brings my blood to a boil are knights in shining armor and junkies with fangs. Maybe the Chick tracts were right after all."

Danse Macabre (2929 Harper St, Berkeley CA 94703, \$3) I really don't wanna be mean, because it seems like these gys are trying hard, but this downright earnest zine tends toward the mediocre. With sincerely maudlin poetry, dripping prose, and an overabundance of House of Usher articles and references, the zine is just barely saved by nifty, personal photoart pieces.

Fond Affexxions (6312 E Santa Ana Canyon Rd Ste. 112, Anaheim Hills, CA 92807. Sample \$5, sub \$20.) This impeccably-produced gem of a 'zine caught me completely by surprise; thanks to its stupid name, I was expecting pretentious contents. So much for judging a book by its tastefully-rendered, slick cover. Composed primarily of thoughtful, intelligent interviews with the darker elements of the indie-pop scene (Slowdive, Morphine, Kristen Hersh, Jim Rose), FA's rich pomo look and textured paper make for hours of contemplative page-turning.

Permission (3023 N. Clark, Suite 777 Chicago, IL 60657; sample \$4, 4-issue sub \$12.) Also out of Chicago, this fanzine echoes I.N. in form and content, but with a more gothic/darkwave focus. Amid the goth-industrial interviews you'll find fetish fashion shoots, instructions for creating your own vampyre fangs, and a review section that includes demo tapes in addition to signed bands.

Ed's note: this article featured a vast wealth of gothick resources, much of which couldnot be presented herein, but all of which can be accessed online at this URL:

[file://fringeware.com/pub/fw/TEXTS/netgoth.txt](http://fringeware.com/pub/fw/TEXTS/netgoth.txt)



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The Secret of the Gothick God of Darkness

There is a Secret God, a Hidden God, who dwells in a spiralling tower-fortress and who has guided and *overseen* our development from time immemorial—and who has remained concealed but very close to us awaiting the “future” time of re-awakening. The time of the re-awakening is near. Already we have heard the distant claps of thunder which signal the coming storm.

The legacy of the Dark Gothick God is one which can guide those chosen by him to a state of development wherein they have attained a permanent (immortal) consciousness which is free to act or not act in the material universe as it desires. This consciousness becomes privy to all manner of secrets of life *and* death and life *in* death. The price for this attainment is contained in the cost of attaining it—for one who has been so chosen there can be no rest, no respite from the Quest which is, and remains, the Eternal Work.

Because the way in which knowledge of this Dark Gothick God is passed from generation to generation contradicts the favored methods of the so-called “major religions” of the world—the religions of the “book”—Judaism, Christianity and Islam—this knowledge and its methods have been forbidden and made increasingly tabu for all of the centuries since the cunning ideological conversion of Europe by Christianity.

Books can be burned, religious leaders can be killed—but the blood endures.

The Gothick God

In the past ten or fifteen years our western European culture (including all the “colonies” of western European cultures such as those in North America and Australia) have witnessed a revival of an æsthetic “Gothick Kulture.” This revival, or reawakening, of the Gothick spirit in many respects follows the characteristics of all the previous revivals.

The word “Gothick” is the key to understanding the nature and character of the spirit behind the æsthetic. (Here I use the “-k” spelling for æsthetic reasons as well as to differentiate the cultural movement from designations of architecture or literary history—more commonly spelled in the

.by Edred Thorsson, Yrmin-Drighten



standard way.) “Gothick” is ultimately derived from the name of an ancient Germanic nation—the Goths.

These Goths came out of the far North (from present-day Götaland in Sweden) and swept down into southern Europe beginning about 150 CE. They split into two major groups along the way: the Visigoths and the Ostrogoths. In the south they established kingdoms in present-day Italy (with its capital in Ravenna) and southern France (with its capital in present-day Toulouse). This latter kingdom, under pressure from the Franks, moved its capital to the present-day Spanish city of Toledo. In all of these regions the Goths established many secret traditions at the highest levels of society. The tip of this secret iceberg is revealed when you see how many Spanish and Italian names of nobility are derived from Gothic forms. Some of the more familiar examples would be Frederico, Adolfo, Carlo, Ricardo...

The mystery of what happened to the lost treasure of Rome (including the “Lost Ark”) can be solved through knowledge of Visigothic secret history. But that is a story for another time. Eventually the Goths were militarily defeated by a coalition of the Roman Catholic Church and the king of the Franks, who was the first Germanic king to convert to Roman Catholicism. All others before him, including many Goths, had “converted” to their own brand of esoteric “Gothic Christianity.” The final end to overt Gothic rule in Spain came with the Muslim invasion in 711 CE. But their secret traditions lived on.

The Goths gained a reputation in their own time, and through subsequent ages, as a sort of “master-race.” In ancient Scandinavia the word *gotar* was used as an honorific title for heroes, as even today members of the noble class in modern Spain are referred to as *gotos* (“Goths”). As time went on, some of the secret Gothic tradition merged with some of the established traditions of the peoples among whom they disappeared, while other parts of it were submerged in the cultural “under-class” of peasants, vagabonds and heretics.

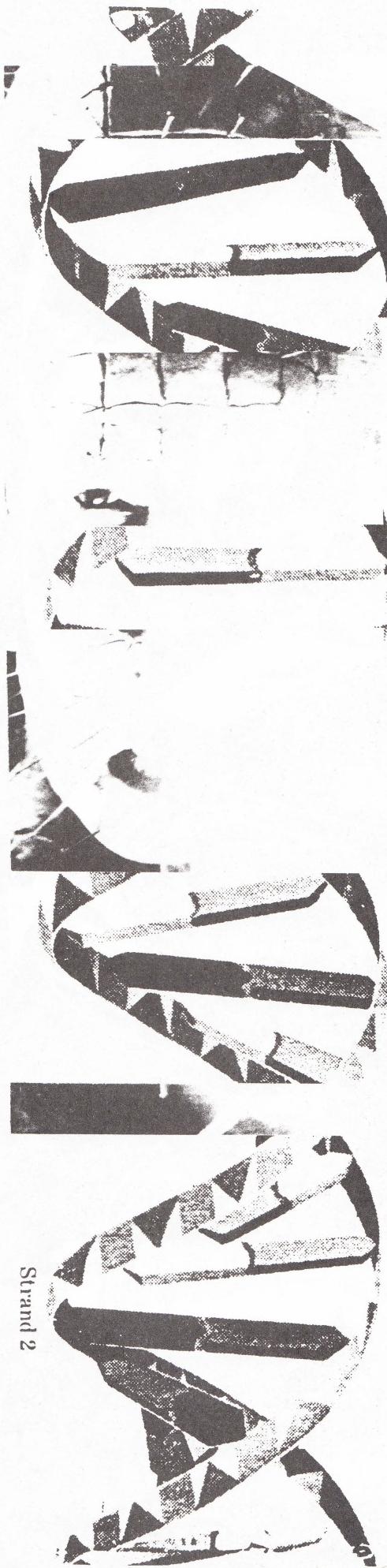
Four to five centuries after their official "demise" an aesthetic in memorial to the spirit of the Goths was created in northern Europe—later art historians even named the style "Gothic." But nowhere the Goths had been remained unmarked by their prestige and secret tradition. This dark and mysterious Gothick past of superhuman qualities loomed as a secret alternative to the bright and rational Classical past which was used as a model for both Christian theologians of the Middle Ages and rational humanists of the Renaissance.

It is in this cultural framework that the Romantic movement began to grow in the 1700s. The Classical models had failed the *avant-garde* of the day. They looked to a more distant past, as a way of looking into a deeper, more mysterious, and at the same time more *real*, level of themselves. When the French looked beyond their Medieval Christian roots they found the *Romans*, and hence the word "Roman-tic" aptly described what it was they were looking for. In northern Europe, however, the term "Romantic" was generally found wanting by the adventurous souls who saw nothing of the *deep-past = deep-self* formula in the word. It was still remembered that our noble past was not Roman, but *Gothick*. (By now the word "Gothick" was also a synonym for "Germanic" or "Teutonic" as well.)

The Gothick world was a world of the distant and powerful past, shrouded in mist and swathed in darkness—a night-side world of dream and nightmare. The Gothick images conjured by the artists of the day—poets such as Burger, Novalis, Byron, and Hugo, or painters such as Fuseli, Arbo and Dore—acted as doorways for opening the world to the Gothick stream. The dead came alive once more and walked among the living—and upon the living begat the children of darkness.

This process has continued from those nights to these branching out in ever wider circles to encompass more aspects of life. But at the level of what might be called "popular culture" clear traces can be seen which connect Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* to M.G. Lewis' *The Monk* to C.R. Maturin's *Melmoth* to Edgar Allan Poe's tales and poetry to R.W. Chambers' *The King in Yellow* to Bram Stoker's *Dracula* and on to Hanns Heinz Ewers, H.P. Lovecraft and Anne Rice. All in their own ways, wittingly or unwittingly, have contributed to the descent of the Gothick God of Darkness in popular culture.

In many respects Stoker's famous novel, *Dracula*, was a "warning" concerning the emergence



of an "evil influence" from the Gothick past—*Die Toten reiten schnell!* Stoker has his evil nobleman declare his kinship with the northern Berserkers who fought with the "spirit which Thor and Wodin [sic] gave them," and even obliquely refers to the Gothic tradition reported by Jordanes in his *Getica* that the Huns were the offspring of Gothic sorceresses, known as *Haljurunas* (Hel-Runes), and devils that roamed the steppes.

Neither was this influence lost on the American writer H.P. Lovecraft, who, when he was feeling more "heroic" in his younger days, strongly identified with the Gothick heritage. In a letter from October of 1921 he wrote: "I am essentially a Teuton and barbarian; a Xanthochroic Nordic from the damp forests of Germany or Scandinavia... I am a son of Odin and brother to Hengist and Horsa..."

The most important God of the ancient Goths was their most distant ancestor, which the Gothic histories record as one named *Gaut*. Old Norse literature provides the key to discovering the a more familiar identity of this God. There we find this name among the many specialized names given to the God Odhinn or Woden (as he was known among the Anglo-Saxons). Odhinn is called the All-Father, and Gaut is at the head of the genealogy of the Gothic kings just as Woden is at the head of the genealogies of all the pre-Norman English kings.

This God—or ultimate paterhuman ancestor—is a wise and dark communicator. He is the master of all forms of mysterious communication by means of signs and symbols. In ancient times a system of such symbols for communication were discovered, and called "Runes." In order to learn these the God hung himself for nine nights on a tree and thereby encountered the realm of Death—and from that spear-tip point which is the interface between life and death he at once comprehended the Runes—the Mysteries of the World.

These Runes form a system of semiotic elements which are not only potent in a purely abstract or theoretical way, but which are, by their very nature, connected to the physical universe and the realm of generation and regeneration.

Even in ancient times, when Wodan was acknowledged as the High-God of the Germanic peoples, he was not a very "popular" God. He hid himself from most, and many were glad of it. Then and even now he dwells in deep darkness and travels to the most forbidden zones of the

multiverse in his eternal search for ever increasing knowledge.

As with the ancient Goths, Wodan's most essential role is as the All-Father, as the progenitor of a continuous blood-line—and through that blood-line the forger of a permanent link with humanity. The importance of *blood* as a symbol of what it is that is really going on in a more mysterious way is essential. The mystery and secret of Wodan is not that "knowledge" of him is passed along through clandestine cults (though this too occurs), or even through the re-discovery of old books and texts (though this happens)—but rather that such knowledge is actually *encoded* in a mysterious way in the DNA, in the very genetic material, of those who are descended from him. This in and of itself is an awful secret to bear—and once grasped it is a secret which has driven more than one man mad.

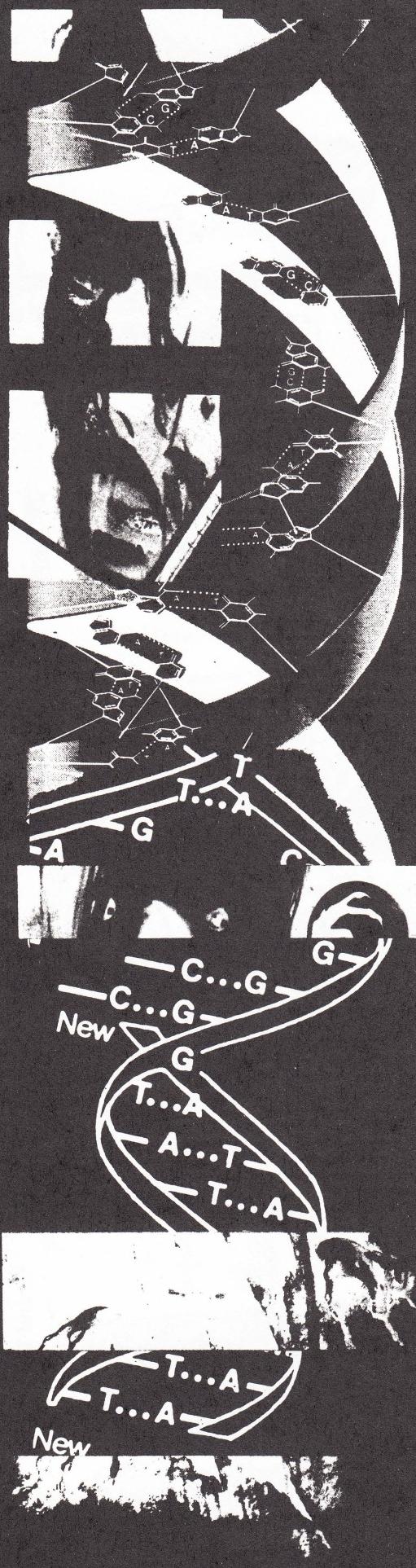
Runic (Mysterious) information is stored "in the blood" where it lies concealed and dormant until the right stimulus is applied from the outside which signals its activation. In this way, knowledge can seem to have been eradicated, but yet resurface again and again with no apparent, or apparently natural, connection between the manifestation and other subsequent remanifestations.

Scientists have more recently discovered the phenomenal platform for this noumenal process in the form of the double helix of the DNA molecule.

The Secret

The Gothick obsession is an obsession with the Mystery of Darkness. It is no accident, or if it is an "accident" it is a meaningful synchronicity, that the name of the mythic sorceresses of Gothic history who gave birth to the Huns was *Halju-rūnas*, which literally translated from the Gothic would be "The Mysteries of Death." The Gothick offspring have always sought to pry into the Mysteries of Life and Death, to penetrate to the depth of the self and to the outermost reaches of the darkened and chaotic world. Boldly forging into the Darkness to seek the Grail of Undefiled Wisdom, to *Seek the Mystery*, is the highest Quest of the Gothick Children of the Night. There is great power in the Quest, and the Quest alone.

The Gothic word for "mystery" is *rūna*. When the Gothic bishop Ulfila translated the Christian Bible into Gothic for use in the Gothic cult he translated the Greek word *mystērion* ($\mu\sigma\tau\eta\rho\iota\sigma$) with the Gothic *rūna*.



The practical power of this at once simple and obscure idea of mystery was once well illustrated in an episode of the popular American television series, *Unsolved Mysteries*. One day an out-of-work father took his sons fishing in remote forest area where they discovered some stones in the river carved with a variety of arcane symbols. The father and his sons were deeply struck by the signs—What could they mean? Who could have carved them? They went home filled with a sense of mystery and awe. Within a short time business opportunities poured the father's way and the family was soon prosperous. They attributed their good fortune to the power of the stones. (Experts from a nearby university determined that the signs were carved recently and were not Amerindian petroglyphs, although they appeared to be imitations of similar designs.) Indeed, the family had come by their turn of good fortune from the stones—but not because of the particular shapes or qualities of the signs themselves but rather because of the *sense of mysterious power* which had struck the father and sons upon seeing the stones.

In the coming years the value and power of the concept of pure Mystery, or the Hidden, will become more apparent as the ways of the Gothick God of Darkness begin to unfold.

That which links this world with that of the Mysterious Gothick realm is clearly symbolized by the blood. But do not mistake the symbol for the entirety of the thing itself—although it, as a true symbol, is a *fractum* of the thing itself. The Gothick heritage, the heritage of power and knowledge, is encoded information which is by some as yet unknown parophysical process passed from generation to generation. Knowledge of this mode of transmitting information is among the greatest tabus in our contemporary society. The reason for this is that it represents the greatest challenge to the Christian and Modern establishments with their dependence on conventional modes for transmitting information (especially the written word). The forbidden secret of the Gothick God is that you can be informed from within, by means of innate structures, which are stimulated by actual experience in the framework of objective intellectual knowledge (undefiled wisdom). When the right constellation of individuals with this knowledge are present the Ages of Dependence—on Medieval Churches or Modern Governments—will begin to come to an end. One of the chief signs of the dawn of the emerging new paradigm will come on the fifth of May in the year 2000.

The Gothick God of Darkness is the Unknown God, the Hidden God—and hence the God of unknown and hidden things. His **actions** are hidden because he **is** hidden. Mere words cannot reveal this information, only Words (the hidden forms behind a certain key concepts) can do this. It is these **which hold** the secrets of eternal consciousness and power beyond death. Look, you see it before you now! If you see it, you must work to realize it within—and having mastered it there, to realize it without.

In his landmark work *The Postmodern Condition* the French critic Jean-François Lyotard has some interesting things to say about the character of knowledge and the unknown in the coming years:

*Postmodern science—by concerning itself with such things as *undecidables*, the limits of precise control, conflicts characterized by incomplete information, ‘fracta,’ catastrophes and pragmatic paradoxes—is theorizing its own evolution as discontinuous, catastrophic, non-rectifiable, and paradoxical. It is changing the meaning of the word knowledge, while expressing how such a change can take place. It is producing not the known, but the unknown. (p. 60)*

Among the unknown things which will be produced in the Unmanifest zone, which the profane call “the future,” will be the engendering of a new Gothick realm which will be none other than the remanifestation of the elder realm. As yet it lives in a crimson darkness, but in the spiraling tower the Gothick God waits and watches as those who will call his realm forth work their wills upon the world.

Reyn til Rûna!

Ed. Note: Mr. Thorsson is author and translator of many books on Runecraft and the occult including *Futhark*, *Runelore*, *Nine Doors of Midgard*, *The Book of Ogham*, *Fire and Ice* (as S. Edred Flowers), *Runes and Magic* (as Stephen Flowers), and the soon to be released *Hermetic Magic*. A complete list of his titles (including those too dark and controversial for mainstream publishers) is available from Runa Raven Press, PO Box 180931, Austin, TX 78718 USA. He is the founder of the Rune Guild. He knows what secret Odhinn whispered in Balder’s ear.

the AMER Guide

to handling Religious Harassment at Work

..by Chris Carlisle, AMER Email Liaison & Vice-President, C24884CC@WUVMD.WUSTL.EDU

The Alliance for Magical and Earth Religions (AMER) is a St Louis-based organization made up of **representatives** of several distinct magical and/or Earth-centered religious traditions. Our members include witches, neo-pagans, Satanists, and Christians, working together for freedom of religion for all Americans.

Statement of Purpose

AMER will defend the right of every American to practice his or her own religion, insofar as that religion's practices do not directly harm anyone. In particular, AMER will actively campaign for tolerance for magical and Earth-centered religions.

AMER will work to promote a positive image for magical and Earth-centered religions, and to counter negative propaganda about such groups.

AMER will promote cooperation among the various magical and Earth-centered religious groups.

AMER will serve as a source of accurate information on magical and Earth-centered religions and practices.

Definitions

Magical Religion: any religious belief or practice which includes, as an aspect of its faith or an element in its ritual, the practice of what they call magic or the use of psychic powers.

Earth Religion: any religious belief or practice which holds as a tenet a reverence for the Earth.

How Does AMER Work?

AMER will provide speakers to schools, police groups, churches, and anyone else who is interested about learning about magical and earth religions.

AMER's members work together to combat negative attitudes about the occult by writing letters to individuals and organizations who have disseminated incorrect information about the occult. We also help victims of religious

discrimination through letters, phone calls and personal contact.

AMER and the Media

AMER monitors media coverage of topics which affect the magical community. When one of our members sees an article or television story which gives unfair or slanted coverage to an event which involves "the occult", we contact the news organization in question to express our disapproval. We also write to commend news organizations which provide what we see as "good coverage". We hope that our efforts will promote fair media treatment of members of magical and earth religions.

AMER and the Police

AMER's members are also available to work with police departments to provide expert advice on crimes and rumors of crimes which involve or appear to involve members of the magical community.

AMER and the Clergy

AMER works to contact clergy of all faiths and let them know about our concerns, in the hopes that they will come to understand, and even to tolerate, magical and earth religions.

Community Service

AMER encourages all of its members to participate in community service projects such as food drives, disaster relief, or environmental projects. AMER's St. Louis members meet every six weeks to clean up a stretch of highway. We feel that this highly visible form of service helps promote a positive image for occultists.

Will AMER Tell Everyone About My Religion?

The only members of AMER who are required to appear or speak in public are the members of the Board of Directors. If you wish, your membership can be kept totally confidential. In addition, AMER does not promote or endorse the activities of any specific religion, so you will not be asked to participate in any religious activities.

AMER Needs You

None of AMER's goals can be accomplished without a large and enthusiastic membership. We need volunteers for a variety of projects, from letter-writing to highway cleanup. Money? Of course we need it, but we need you even more.

To help with an AMER project, send your name and phone number to AMER Volunteers at the address below. If address only, a small donation for postage would help.

To Join

You can obtain the necessary membership application forms and other membership information by writing to AMER at the address below.

To Contribute

Make checks or money orders out to *Alliance for Magical and Earth Religions* and send them to AMER Treasurer at the address below.

For Publications

To obtain copies of AMER's "The Truth About Human Sacrifice", "Dream No Small Dreams", "The Truth About Ritualized Child Abuse", "Exercising Your Writes", "The Truth About Police Harassment" or our newsletter, *The AMER Intelligence*, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to AMER Public Information Officer at the address below.

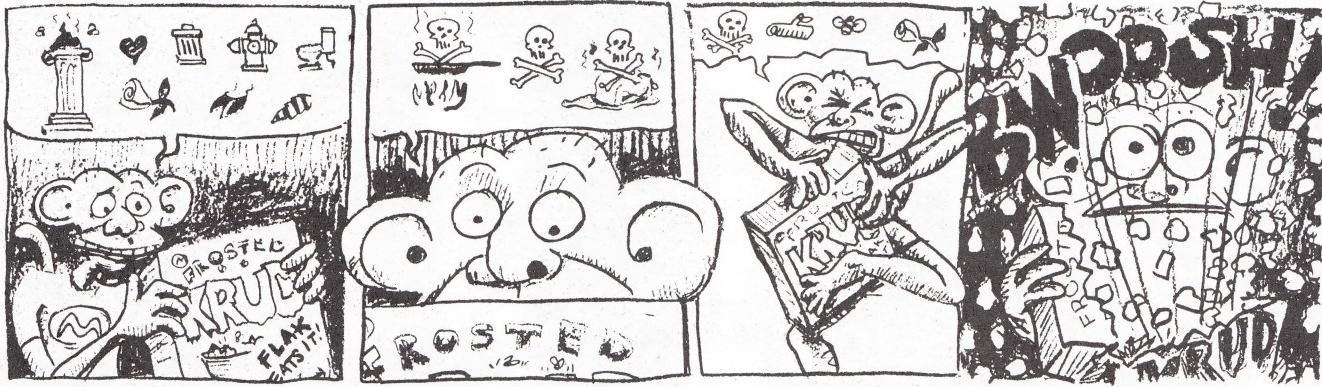
Any Questions?

Send your questions and (if possible) a stamped, self-addressed envelope to AMER at this address:

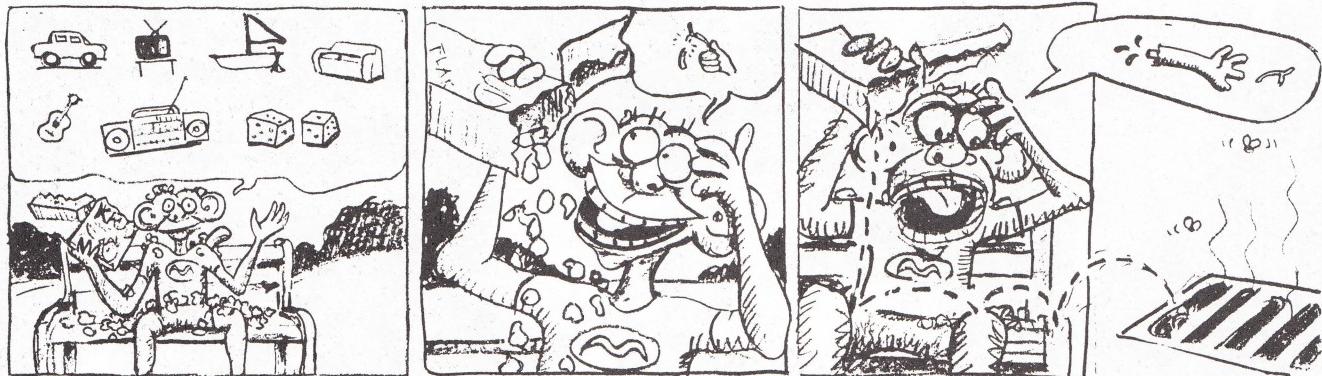
**Alliance for Magical and Earth Religions
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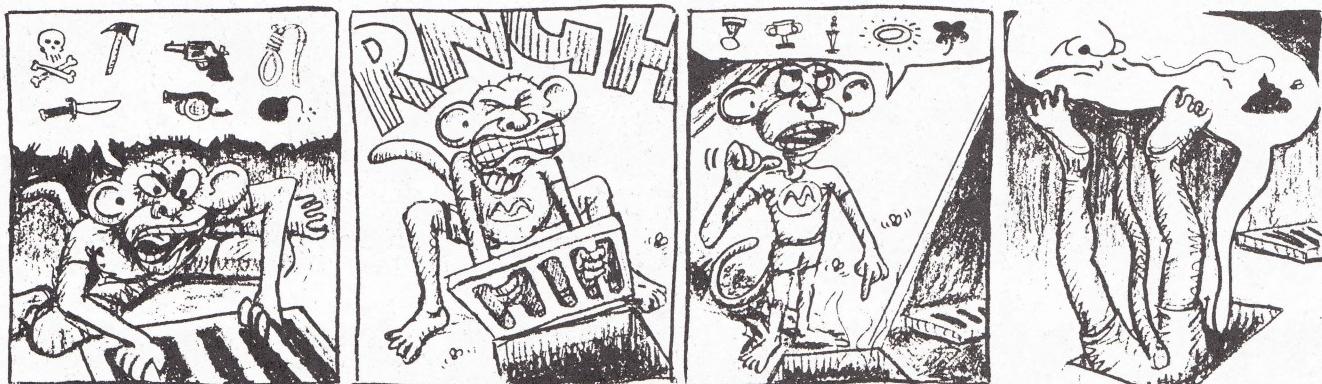
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KREDMECAHEKREDREGXROK

demon daemons & the unix kabbalah

..by Anita Susan Brenner, brenner@cyberspace.org

Where reason goes, chaos follows. Psychic phenomenon is embedded in the very phiber of the infosphere. From the healing salutation, "BEAMS!", on well.com, to the omniscient Usenet Oracle at oracle@cs.indiana.edu, the Net is full of opportunities to abandon the mind-body dichotomy and venture into forbidden realms.

What follows is not intended as a complete net surf list—mere logic is insufficient to capture the scope of the ethosphere. Far better to let the Net Gods guide your cursor, than to rely on paltry logic!

...and His Manservant Hecubus

What better way to shed pagan-negative attitudes than laughter? The Canadian comedy troupe, *Kids In the Hall*, famous for their skits about Satan and his servants, is available on alt.tv.kids-in-the-hall (nifty, eh?)

Other usenet groups of interest include alt.books.anne-rice (also known as "Vampyres are us"), alt.satanism, ca.earthquakes (lots of failed precog testing), alt.pagan, alt.magick, alt.paranormal.*.*., alt.paraneat.*.*., sci.psychology.research and alt.dreams.

FAQs—*Keeping Ooze, KabbalahFAQ*, the *GoldenDawnFAQ*, and the *NecronomiconFAQ*, and other materials, are available by anonymous FTP from [ftp.lysator.liu.se](ftp://ftp.lysator.liu.se) under /pub/magick/Net/Faqs.

FRINGEWARE REVIEW

Lino More In '94 @ Graphic Arts! / Printer Name = LinoRIP20 / Resolution = 1270 dpi / Aut Job Name = Master Blaster; document: Body / Length of material used = 9.48819 Inches / Screening details (Freq.(lines/inch);Angle;Filter) = 85, 45; normal; /

Tapping Into The Power

The Wiretap Online Library, available at The Internet Wiretap gopher@wiretap.spies.com, under Fringes of Reason, with addresses: Conspiracies, Occult and Paranormal, UFO's and Mysterious Abductions, including articles on "An Extraterrestrial Biological Entity?", "California Sightings in Blue Book", "Canada UFO Survey 1992", and the "Crop Circle 1992 NAICCR Report". Under "Occult and Paranormal", there are materials on African Religion Syncretism, Ancient Mysteries and Spiritual Change, Astrological Houses & the Gauquelin's Work, Colin Low: *Cabalah and Ritual Theory & Technique*, and Freud's *Studies of the Occult*.

The Usenet Oracle

The best method for surfing the Occult-Net is to send email with the phrase "Oracle, please tell me" in the subject line to oracle@cs.indiana.edu. For full instructions, write "help" in the subject line. For award winning oracularities, see the newsgroup rec.humor.oracle.

Fortune Program

Most UNIX sites carry the Fortune Program, often found as /usr/games/fortune. This program prints a random adage, in both G- and X-rated versions. The program can be customized by the user (see !man fortune or !strfile)—for casting the I Ching or Tarot, in addition to random fortunes, or runes.

Psychic Net-Guide

Deborah Shulkatis and Fred Steffy of San Jose State University have written a scholarly, but skeptical mega-reference entitled *Directory of Internet Sources for Psychical and Unexplained Phenomena*. This guide includes resources in the areas of Parapsychology, Psychical Research, Psychology and Philosophy, UFOlogy, Skepticism, New Age, and Religious Mysteries. This file is not yet available from an FTP site, but Deborah Shulkatis can be reached at: XDSHULKATIS@ccvax.fullerton.edu

Ed. Note: if you hang around alt.magick ask about Tyagi's Mage's Guide to the Internet. Also see BITNET's listerver for many great Lists such as Arcana and Alexandria

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666:2

From jim@Tadpole.COM Fri Oct 14 16:37:55 1994
Return-Path: <jim@Tadpole.COM>
Received: from tadpole.tadpole.com by fringeware.com (4.1/SMI-4.1)
id AA17771; Fri, 14 Oct 94 16:37:55 CDT
Received: from chiba (chiba.Tadpole.COM) by tadpole.tadpole.com (4.1/SMI-4.1-jm)
id AA26821; Fri, 14 Oct 94 16:37:50 CDT
Received: by chiba (5.4xSPARCbook.POP1.3)
id AA04383; Fri, 14 Oct 1994 16:37:15 -0500
Date: Fri, 14 Oct 1994 16:37:15 -0500
From: jim@Tadpole.COM
Message-ID: <94.10142137.AA04383@chiba>
To: bostic@bostic.com
Subject: What, not version 6.6.6?
Cc: dabo@Tadpole.COM
Status: RO

We've got god.com, angel.com, christian.org, satan.com, ...
ribit 145 whois -h rs.internic.net satan.com

Servants Against the Trinity, Apocalypse Networking. (SATAN-DOM)

Brown, Daniel H. (DHB23) brown@EFF.ORG brown@BRAUHAUS.ORG brown@WAFIA.ORG
202-393-5509

Technical Contact: Zone Contact:
McCardish, Stanton (SM100) mech@EFF.ORG

(202) 347-5400

Record last updated on 01-Jul-94.

Domain servers in listed order:

EFF.ORG 192.77.172.3
NS2.EFF.ORG 192.77.172.4

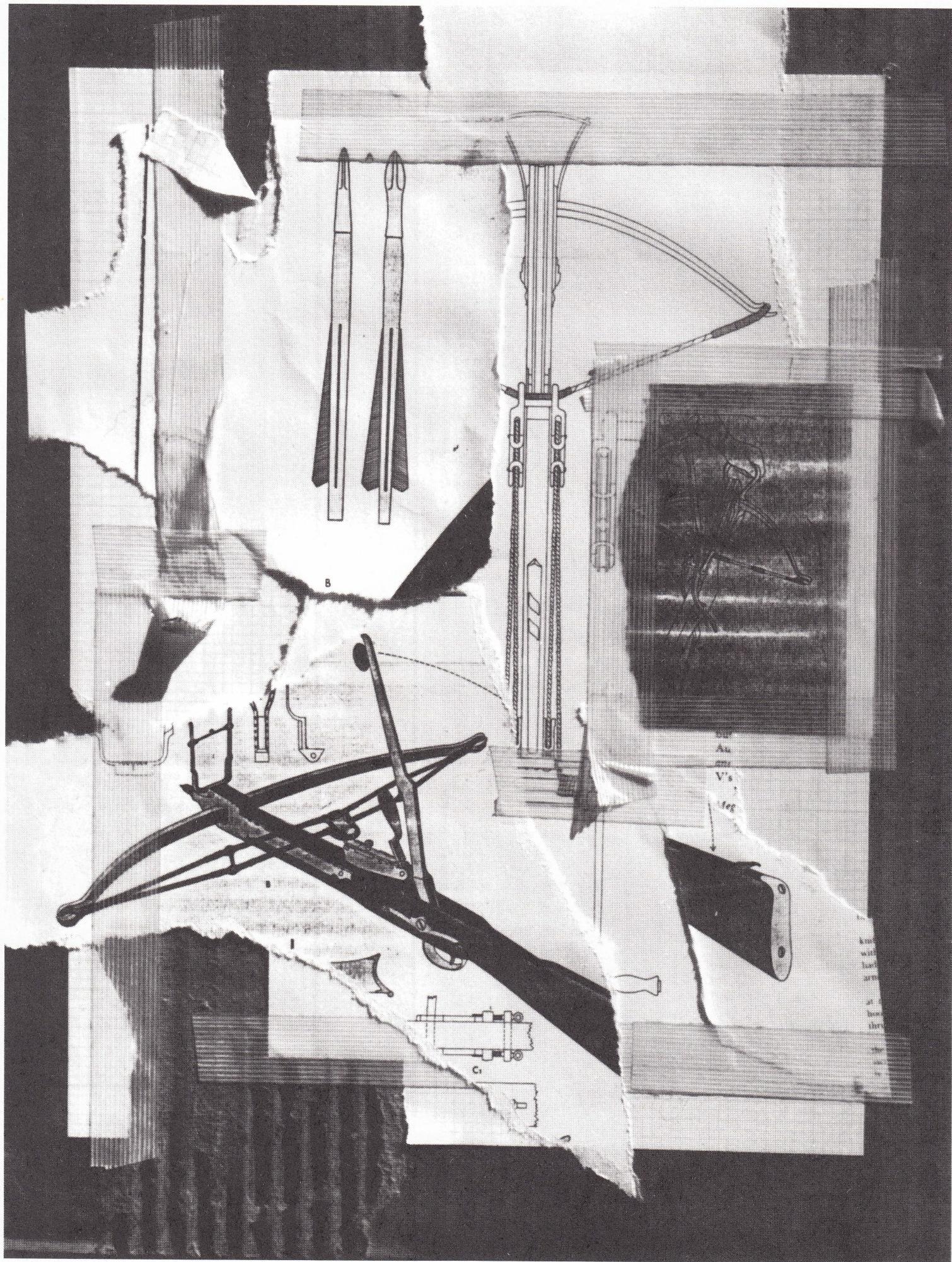
telnet satan.com 25

Trying 192.77.172.5 ...

Connected to satan.com

Escape character is '^'.

220-satan.com Sendmail From Hell 8.6.9/8.6.6 Fri, 14 Oct 1994 17:35:02 -0400



Kissing Sleeping Beauty

..by Don Webb, 0004200716@mci.com

for Lady Lilith

He got up an hour after sunset. The community college catalog lay in his mailbox and as always he was excited. Jacob was three hundred years old, which gave him at least two centuries on all the students and instructors, but his enthusiasm waxed greater than any ten of them. This afterall was his life.

He paged through the catalog, savoring the feel of the fine-grained newsprint on his fingertips. After he had read the catalog once he would know it forever. He tossed the catalog into the gray plastic trash can and saw by his shadow that he had carelessly grown to his true height of eleven feet. He reached his long blue arm across the room to the light switch. Now it was Dark and he breathed in the darkness and began to make. He tried out the forms of the instructors from last semester. He adjusted each face in accordance with an internal mirror. Some of the forms felt very good, very natural as he fitted himself in them. These were the people whose philosophies—whose wide-ranging thoughts and memories—had assumed a cast very near his own. Of course he had taught two of them. Dr. Gahdia had learned calculus and number theory from him in Benares thirty-five years ago. In those days sometimes Jacob became Raj Vajroli, internationally famous topologist, sometimes he became Zulfikkar Shukracharya, an Aghori who dwelt in the world's largest crematory grounds and taught the way of renunciation. Jacob had taught Marcel Fontenot, now an instructor in French, a scarce ten years ago, when Marcel took night classes at Tulane. Jacob had loved New Orleans and would have stayed there forever if the Dutchman hadn't spotted him drinking coffee at the *Café du Monde* at three in the morning during the most perfect thunderstorm.

The Dutchman would never track him here.

He hoped.

He walked over to the light switch and switched it on. Outside central air switched on and cool air played upon the beams of the "cathedral" ceiling. Three bedrooms, two and a half baths. Three-quarter brick. Just like the house next door and the house next door and so on throughout the subdivision.

VVVV

The family name had never been Van Helsing. That had been a pseudonym that great-great-grandpappy had given Bram Stoker, when great-great-grandpappy was stalking a vampire who was hiding in the London theatre district. He thought the young Irishman might be helpful. He hadn't counted on the book, being Dutch he hadn't realized that the Irish produce the cream of English literature. Great-great-grandpappy had almost revealed too much—fortunately the movies confused things. The Dutchman braced himself for the jet's touchdown. He had never been good at air travel. He had flown into Stapledon once and his luggage had been lost. It had been scary explaining to airport officials that his suitcase contained three changes of clothes, a crossbow, and twenty surgical steel bolts.

"For hunting."

VVV

Sarah Gold lay on her brown plaid couch and thumbed through her Austin Community College catalog. Taking two night classes a semester had been a New Year's resolution four years ago and it had served her well. Of course, she hadn't had much use for Businessman's Arabic from last fall, but the important thing was the participation in the Myth of the Eternal Return. Her childless marriage prevented her from vicariously drawing off her children's autumnal protestations. Each year she was back in college. Young again and carefree. With each set of new people she peeled off some of the dull skin her passionless marriage had swathed her with. Robert wouldn't allow her to work. The classes—although they raised sinister uncertainties—seemed passive enough. You just soak up knowledge. Very feminine.

American History looked promising. Tuesday and Thursday nights. It might be a little left-wing for Robert's tastes, but maybe she could sell it to him in the guise of a renewed patriotism. She loved her country in a way that Robert didn't. What she longed for most was the right to put a bumpersticker on her candy red Toyota Celica which read, "America, Love It and Improve It."

She reached down for her pen and the dryer alarm called.

VVV

The downtown campus was cool because an underground stream ran beneath the buildings. Sweet gums, pecans, and ball moss-covered live oaks lined the streets. Jacob savored each footfall, each smell even the sour tang of buses, all the delectable shades of twilight chiaroscuro. Into the yellow light of the Old Main.

Jacob cleared his throat and Dr. Allen Rushton looked from his xeroxed syllabuses—surprised to see a man looking exactly like Dr. Allen Rushton in the open doorway. The good doctor seemed even more surprised when he saw the stinger extend from Jacob's tongue.

Jacob blurred into him—savoring the snip of the stinger punching into the artery beneath the left ear. Dr. Allen Rushton began to dream of a tall, blue man who spoke in a voice like unto the buzzing of bees. Something. Someone carried him home and tucked him in...

Jacob tossed the syllabuses in the trash. He began to type, "This course, like most American history surveys, will begin with the invasion of the European peoples into lands held by the Amerindian peoples. We will begin by examining the intrusion of European sovereignty by means of conventional and biological warfare, and bait-and-switch modes of trade and diplomacy..."

VVV

The Dutchman checked into a Motel 6. He put his banner—the rune known as the thorn in brown on a beige background—on the eastern wall. He bowed toward Amsterdam, and then began to review his dossiers:

John Gahdia, BS, MS, Ph.D Mathematics, Benares University. b. 1931, began psychological treatment for attention disorder 1987. Painting, dizzy spells. Anemia. Eric Nordholdt, BA English Literature, University of Texas, MA French, Columbia. b. 1951 (remedial English, creative writing), 1989 resigned from ACC to pursue a career in visual arts after "having a series of fantastic dreams which leads me to a new understanding of Earth's history." Peter Lefanu, BA, MA Philosophy, Ph.D Psychology, Duke University (Intro. Psych., Intro Phil.) Two complaints have been lodged against Dr. Lefanu for teaching "bizarre and esoteric philosophical concepts relating to space, evolution, numbers, and geometry." 1998. Dr. Lefanu dismissed such claims as "poppycock" stating that he is a confirmed materialist.

The Dutchman couldn't understand why a community college, but he didn't understand these types anyway. Maybe it was near a seat of power, perchance the vampire haunted the pink granite capitol building...

The Dutchman slapped his wrist. Never let yourself go. Never fantasize. If you go too far



into the outer limits of consciousness they'll get you every time. That is where they truly lurk. He would need to get sufficient ID from his FBI connection. He'd long ago lost his accent. He could hunt anywhere.

VVV

Sarah Gold's heart thrilled. There was a dizziness, a new swooning—listening to Dr. Rushton. If she could just lay her head on the simulated wood desk she knew she'd fall into the most delicious sleep. Her eyelids were heavy but she managed to take notes into her orange spiral

"Dr. Rushton, I know this is the first night, but could you give me some suggestions for the paper? What with volunteer work and teaching my Sunday school class and everything if I don't get started it'll never get done."

"Does anything spark your interest?"

"Well, I don't know a lot about American history. I mean, that's why I'm taking this course. For me, it's always been Columbus, Pilgrims, Tea Party, crossing the Delaware, the Civil War, we beat Germany twice, Korea, and then everything went sour. Not much of a history is it?"

There are shadows even at night, and Jacob stepped into a shadow of a live oak and became one with its darkness. Most humans couldn't see him. He had smelled the predatory sweat. It might be the Dutchman, the *current* Dutchman. The woman was exciting. Her mind was opening up to new ideas and he sensed, perhaps, the mating signal. He longed to lay another egg, create a beloved from the materials of himself. He remembered when he had been awakened, he had almost forgot that he had ever been human. Of course the human part of himself was

She didn't know why this class created a generalized horniness... Sure, she supposed, white people coming to America was an invasion; but she'd never heard that word before

notebook. His eyes were so bright, his gestures and jokes appropriate. She was sure that all this material was being permanently etched into her brain. Everyone else leaned forward. Tranced out. Except for the freckled guy with the ginger hair. She wished he would stop squirming in his chair. Dr. Rushton just wasn't reaching him. She'd talked to him by the coke machine. He seemed, well, a little thick, but he was cute. Definitely very cute. Robert would beat her just for her thoughts. She squirmed in her chair too. But that was for a different reason. She didn't know why this class created a generalized horniness. It might be the naughtiness. Sure, she supposed, white people coming to America was an *invasion*; but she'd never heard that word before. She'd never looked at history this way. The law of the forbidden.

Class was over. It took a moment or two for her to realize that everyone was leaving. That Dr. Rushton. She got up from her warm plastic seat and raced to the hall hoping to overtake Dr. Rushton. She caught him just before he was to open his broom-closet sized office. He flashed surprise, as though there were something inside he didn't want her to see. She knew that look. She'd always had a hard time talking to authority figures. She had to touch a brooch on her sweater before she could speak. Touch herself. Gold.

"That you are looking, that people of your age and background are beginning to look at your history, is a new historical force manifesting itself."

Goosepimples.

He continued, "If you can't think of a topic, some of my interests are: the draft riots of the Civil War—particularly the New York riots; the seizure of Cherokee lands by the state of Georgia; Frederick Douglass' editorials against the Mexican War; or Ignatius Donnelly and the People's Party."

"I don't know anything about those people."

"Not many do. I can be of some help. You have my office hours."

Sarah nodded.

"That's nice," he said. "Most people forget my office hours as soon as they write them down. I'm looking forward to working with you, Ms.—eh?"

"Gold"

"Gold."

He walked down the hall and into the night. What was in the office? Why didn't he go in?

There was a man's voice behind her.

"I'd stay away from that creep."

She turned. The ginger-haired man stepped out from behind a column.

VVV

probably long dead. He had a fertile mind even when he was human, so there had been a great deal from outside to work on. He thought that was the case with Sarah Gold. Waking sleeping beauty was always a dangerous business. He could try contacting the others. Some were in Berlin, Peking, Vilnius, Santo Andre. He could read the signs. He wanted—suddenly after decades of avoiding his own kind—to reach out and touch them. But if the Dutchman was near he didn't dare. It was the woman. Sarah. She had brought him to life again. He was interested in furthering the kindred—a real desire again, not just the life maintenance tasks in which he'd been indulging.

The noctiluca prevented him from seeing many stars, but he saw enough to make out the faces of the great old ones. Each, though they were long finished with Earth—their will had formed patterns, geometrical representations of their pitiless love of mankind. In those days they didn't take human names. Conseen. Shelba. Lizleeth. Taur'n. Would he too evolve to move the stars? Of course, they didn't move the stars, but their impression caused anyone viewing the night sky to pick out the same patterns. Conseen had awakened him, he remembered the seduction, she too in her time had begun as a human, but her humanity had worn much thinner



than his. When they made love she would return into the shape that passed through the abyss of stars to this lonely dying world called Earth. If they could only keep the Earth from dying, they could avoid another long swim through space. Of course he had come along millennia after the spaceswim, but the memory runs strong among vampires.

Someone was behind him interrupting his dreams. It was the woman.

He waited until the students had left, but before the janitors pushed their long T-brooms down the dusty corridors. He awakened Dr. Rushton mentally and saw that he made it safely to his car. He left him with a command to eat some beefsteak and spinach.

He took on the form of a man seen in the Dallas airport one night. It had been an essence-exchanging glance, because he recognized something of himself in that other. The man had boarded a plane to Amarillo, and Jacob had never pursued the moment. Even for the immortal, there is only so much time. He boarded a Capitol Metro bus and rode home.

VVV

In his first two weeks of classes, the Dutchman had been able to put the mirror test to Drs. Gahdia and LeFanu. They weren't being used. If you see a face in the mirror that's different than the face you're aiming the mirror at, then you've found one of them. It might be the American history prof or the archery instructor. Both had a rare intensity about them. That there had been one in this community was clear in the sharp eyes, voices, and attitudes. These things take years to cycle out. It would be better to bomb the city, but who knows how far the contagion might have spread? Some foreign student returned to Thailand, India, France? Some high school graduate who took criminology and now rides as a peace officer in the piney woods of Arkansas?

He lay back on the firm motel bed and stared at the red light of the smoke alarm. He wished he had some sensitivity to Them. That it all wasn't slow painful deductions—he could just walk down the streets—see that certain house with its sycamores and burst in. Knock down the white painted door and let loose with his crossbow. His predecessor had developed a feel for them over the years—could spot them across Times Square on New Years Eve. But the sensitivity opened you up as well. Fight dragons long enough and you become a dragon. He'd heard that some-

where—the men's room at Tokyo International Airport. He had had to put down his predecessor in Kansas City. He'd caught him talking to a group of adolescents about following your dreams. He shot him that night in the motel. No doubt he too would die in the fight to cleanse earth of the interstellar vermin. There is nothing as noble as fighting for your own kind, and the whole of his family made terrible sacrifices to keep him on the front line. He wouldn't let them down.

The red light. On and off.

VVV

Sarah Gold opened Joel Tyler Headley's *The Great Riots of New York 1712-1873*. Robert had been none too happy when she had to get a book from Interlibrary Loan. Seemed to him, that if it was a good book about American history, our city library would have it. She had, of course, concealed the title from him. He was strictly against unrest. She read. She took notes. She began to see that Dr. Rushton was right. There was a connection between unrest and creativity. Liminal patterns of chaos. Society destroyed its own boundaries to permit new growth. He said that people were the same. Sometimes they had to remove their outer boundaries—in moments of love or fear or hate—to grow in new ways. He said it was sad that society didn't understand the great riots as great outpourings of love—a desire from one element to create its beloved in the rest. He lectured on sex and love as political motivations—ways of "apprehending the good"—and she knew that he was talking to her and her alone.

History was the way of making material things spiritual, and history had begun to open up for her. Everything she touched, everything she felt took on a sensuous quality. She could see so many secrets within. She would run her hand along the cool marble top of her grandmother's wash stand. She could feel the weariness of the hands washing the Depression-era dust from them. She could feel the heat of the East Texas porch and New Deal dreams reflected off the dirty soap bubbles. When she picked up her ivory-handled soap brush she picked up her college days of the late sixties. Brushing her luxurious auburn hair before going to hear Allen Ginsberg "Om" into the microphone. How had she gone from that to this? How had she fallen asleep?

A history course wasn't supposed to restructure your life, was it? But Dr. Rushton said that

seeking after the mysteries would transform the seeker, so you had to pick important mysteries to seek after. Dr. Rushton was the dreamiest mystery of them all.

And there was that sort of, well, glandular thing. Men had started to look good again. Even Robert, but Robert had left passion somewhere behind on the road to the perfect insurance agency. She'd been wanting to make contact with Dr. Rushton again, but he always disappeared after class. Going to his office seemed wrong. Too structured. Too student-teacher. She began hanging around with Eric, he was handsome and driven and above all mysterious. He never talked about where he was from, nor what he did, nor why he hated Dr. Rushton. Last night over coffee at Pancho's, she let herself lean forward and ruffle his ginger hair.

She had no trouble reconciling her feelings for Eric and Dr. Rushton, and Eric's feelings toward Dr. Rushton. It all fit together somehow. Like a dream. Like it had been played through before.

VVV

There was only one class on the first floor Thursday night, and the Dutchman cut it. His hands shook a little as he picked the lock to Dr. Rushton's office; he could hear the distorted echo of the pseudo-Dr. Rushton's voice from the classroom at the far end of the hall. The Dutchman's crossbow was in its black leather case, which lay on the golden terrazzo floor next to his sneakered feet. The lecture rose and fell, rose and fell. He probably had them all in trance by now—opening up their unconscious and planting all kinds of alien bits within. He could tell them just to sleep and step out in the hall. The Dutchman had cut only this one class, but that might be enough to tip his hand. He must be careful, he had tracked this one for a long time. He would claim Earth for Earth, he had a thousand years of family history as vampire hunters behind him.

There. The tumblers turned and he grasped the slightly verdigrissed brass knob with his gloved hands. As he had expected. The real Dr. Rushton slumped over his desk, a small pool of saliva collecting on its gray metal surface. The Dutchman pulled a very dim flashlight from his trouser pocket and pulled his gear inside, locking the door behind him.

He pulled out a small vial filled with an oily brown liquid.

VVV



Jacob had just reached his summation on Nat Turner when he felt Dr. Rushton awake. He tried to send a mental command to sleep, but someone was applying a painful stimulus: iodine to the bite mark. So the Dutchman had found him. Probably that creepy guy who never achieved trance. Jacob had been too drawn to Sarah. She had gone so far—he had poured so much of his mind into her—that he desired her utterly. If only she awakened this night, he would've

lost. The stake or worse. If you had compassion rather than pitiless love, they would turn on you like the animals they were. Sarah opened her congenital blue eyes, and stared at him. Sometimes humans surfaced from trance—just be patient with them and they would return. When Conseen had trained him she told him that. She begat him when he was a divinity school student in Hamburg. A short hundred years later she passed into the next stage of Being. Sarah closed her

Her heart was in her throat. She'd managed to send him the mating signal. She didn't know how she had done it. Maybe it was automatic. She'd been thinking and reviewing—assembling the materials of her life—and she was ready. Ready to go anywhere with him. If he said "Mexico" she would drive to Mexico and Robert would have faded from her mind in a hundred miles. How she knew this was love when she hadn't kissed him or spoken to him or touched him, she did not know. But that he opened so much in her was a sign of love. He'd put a riot in her soul by stirring up the fires of the past against the banal ice of the present. She'd been trying to do that to herself for years, with class after class. And isn't that love, when the other empowers you to fulfill your own dreams? That meant that she was leaving history and entering a new realm. She remembered that Kissinger quote he'd written on the blackboard: "The iron law of history is that no desire is ever completely fulfilled." If she went beyond history, she became something beyond human.

Maybe this dark man knew the way out of the labyrinth of human history.

All of this was in a flash as if the air suddenly grew clear around her. The other students—middle-aged collegians like herself, working kids, hangers on—filed out. Car doors slammed and wheels-on-gravel noise followed. She was alone with Dr. Rushton.

"Sarah, could you give me a lift tonight? My car is in the shop."

"Sure, Dr. Rushton."

"Allen."

"Allen."

His words seemed so conventional, as though this was an average pickup—or strictly speaking what TV and romances had instructed her to believe an average pickup was. She couldn't remember how it was with Robert, the one part of herstory that refused to awaken, perhaps because she was finished with it. But had she misjudged this man? Should she take her growing awareness and run?

He turned off the fluorescent lights and they walked out of the classroom.

She asked, "Don't you need to go by your office or something?"

"No. The main function of an academic office is as a place to steal pens and paperclips from."



begat a beloved to spend the dark centuries with. He mustn't run. He had to think and move in his own time. It was the only means of survival. He could put Sarah in the crisis which would awaken her—or kill her. He must do it. Love without pity. If you ever pitied them, you were

eyes and returned to trance. He finished his lecture.

"Ms. Gold, could I speak to you after class?"

VVV

Down the terrazzo floored hall and out the main door into the warm cedar-scented night of the porch. Past the great arched columns across the soft grass and onto the asphalt of the parking lot where her Toyota was parked (its candy red stolen by the night). And as they approached the car someone stood up on the other side of the car and pointed a—a crossbow?—at them.

"Release the woman. Your time is up," said Eric.

"What a terrible way to express jealousy," she said.

Dr. Rushton had become very calm and elegant in gesture. He said, "You're very young, new at this I'd guess. I suppose with the great value your family places on human life, I would be safe if I held her in front of me as shield."

Eric said, "I would kill you both. She is probably unfit for human society now."

Dr. Rushton smiled. "You people are getting much more cold-blooded. Sarah, I suggest that you circle around the car and stand with our Dutch friend. When he fires his bolt, you should make a run for it. Those cedars might form a good shield."

Sarah said, "What's going on here? I'm going to get the police."

Eric said, "The police will back me up. The police have always had a healthy suspicion of new ideas. If you'll walk away from the vampire voluntarily, I'll let you live. It's probably the wrong thing to do, but we strive for humanity first."

She turned to Dr. Rushton. His eyes seemed as stars. He gently shook his head no. He said, "Sarah, there is no reason for this stupid one to kill you. Please, dear one, walk over to him."

"He called you a vampire."

"He's correct. I live off human beings. As people think my thoughts, they energize me. If enough of them have taken my way of being into themselves, I'll survive even if he fires that bolt, I'll live on in their dreams and desires. Sadly I don't think I've succeeded—I've only been at this since 1690. You've seen the pattern in class. Sometimes a great notion takes hold of a group of people—they run with it awhile and then they drop it. That marks one of our failures. **Sometimes** it continues like the American Revolution. One of our successes."

"Move, lady, or I'll have to shoot you too."

"Please, Sarah, join him."

"But why don't you turn into a bat or something and fly away?"

"I'm afraid I'm limited to humanoid forms. My race looked a great deal like yours, when the nova flare destroyed our world. My adopted race, I began human like you."

Sarah walked around the car toward Eric. All of this was happening too fast. She had to wake up from this nightmare. Eric squeezed off a shot. The bolt thudded into Dr. Rushton's chest and the air smelled of bad eggs. Dr. Rushton didn't fall, he faded. She could see through him—see his ruptured multi-chambered heart—his eyes had fixed, the pupils large as dimes. A dark-colored saliva had begun to drip from his mouth. Eric was rapidly cranking up the crossbow—slipping another bolt in place. She fumbled through her black vinyl purse. She had to stop this. There. She grabbed the little cylinder of mace that Robert made her carry. She sprayed it full into Eric's face. He bent double and began to puke, firing his bolt into the front tire of her Toyota. Dr. Rushton solidified a little. She could still see the doorway of the college through him. He pulled the bolt from his chest. It made a sucking sound.

"Why aren't you dead?"

"Because of you, Sarah. I didn't know you loved me so. Your love is feeding me, we always have to have human energy; my old human body was killed by the bolt. Part of me is dead."

He pointed to the ground. There was a very old, dirty naked man lying on the asphalt with a bolt through his chest. He continued to speak.

"You're maintaining me with your mind—if you weren't loving me now, this essence would go to that hidden place where we go when we die. Only through the love of willing victims does the vampiric essence survive in the real world. That's the risk the vampire race took when they came here. After a long wearying swim through space, they found a stupid primate and they hoped that the primate would like to grow, think, evolve. They poured the whole of themselves into the primates—making what you would call the preconscious. For millennia they lived there in dreams, their presence stirring up creativity and dreams in what came to be mankind. But there were exceptions. People in whom we could not dwell—bloodlines of stupidity, which fought against us like antibodies fight against an infection. **They** tracked down reformers, thinkers, men of vision. So we stepped out of the darkness of your unconscious minds and became as we once were. We fight to waken humanity—a creative race that can survive—carry on the essence of change and evolution—for as long as those ideas persist, we persist. The Dutchman there fights for the right of humanity to sleep. No more worries, pain, frustration. Just monkey happiness. Their weapons are darts and thorns. They could use guns, guns would kill our bodies just as easily, but guns were thought up under our influence, so they use darts, which Hollywood has changed into stakes."

"And me? What's there for me?"

"Sometimes a human awakes and joins us. The principle within their minds that moves them to dream of the strange and the exotic—that lets them create myth and story—is after all a gift of the vampire. If they have that principle strongly—as I did—they can live on. We give them tools to become as we. They get the limitations too. They remember the nova flares and can't withstand the light of day. I was human once, but I was transformed—there being much from outside to work upon. We beget only adult children—the opening of minds is our means of reproduction. So tell me Sarah, what is there for you?"

She looked at the puking Dutchman and then considered the prospect of waking minds a thousand years from now. She walked over to Jacob and took his cold hand. And they walked into a mist, which seemed to come from nowhere. And soon there was only night and the Dutchman.

..by walter alter, walter@netcom.com

the primitivo-nostalgic frame of reference from which contemporary artists speak contains a number of clandestine fascist premises. most analytic tracts on postmodern art fail to enumerate and appraise those unstated factors. primitivist trends from the proto-cubist "les demoiselles" to neo S&M, self-mutilatory performance, ritualistic autism and all the stick, feather and bone fetishes in-between, is a lying hypocrisy formalized as "art" by a gang of think tank social engineers with a high stake interest in the maintenance of feudal caste stratification. romanticist attachment to a "simpler", "purer" existence in past times or among contemporary primitive or "Eastern" societies ignores the crushing reality that the innate direction that any sentient culture will take to amplify its well-being will be to increase the application of tool extensions. if that increase stops, the culture will die. for all the praise of primitive ways, damn few aboriginal societies are being created and lived in fully by those doing the praising. primitive life is short and brutal.

since technology-based societies require a highly educated labor pool, and since a highly educated labor pool is harder to flim-flam with irrationalist superstition and self-deprecating fatalism, the superstitionist's target is applied science and the interested state of mind. scientific

to mental electro-magnetic flux fields, or sympathetic/parasympathetic counterpoising rest and contemplatory states to active physical motion states.

what is most troublesome is that never is this papal doctrine about the ground state of existence called up for question by those free-thinking, literate, idealistic rebels in the radical anarcho-left alignment. at best it is a double standard employing an extreme criticism against all bourgeoisie, capitalist, spectacular, commodity factors while letting all manner of doltish, contradictory superstitions bed down by their campfire. at worst it is an agonizing stubbornness fueled by infantilism and anti-parental vengeance. the state will not wither, nor will it be overthrown. it will, however, be rendered obsolete by decentralist, time-liberating electronic technology.

the disease is *obnosis*. an inability to see the obvious. the "anti-authoritarians" expend a surprising amount of energy shoehorning twisted data into demented frames of reference as dictated by their "non-authorities". those aspects of pre-technological "primitive" culture which suit the tactic are caricatured out from their historic framework and given the impossible attribute of contemporary legitimacy. the anthropologist's depiction of "happy" or "noble" savages is a plantation breeder's living myth. Margaret Mead

talism is not a product of industrial waste, it is the product of electronic "picture" information on a global scale—a holistic, decentralist, de-specialist awareness of biospheric interdependence. remember that countless cultures hunted and gathered themselves into extinction. the wanton exploitation of an environment is not a recent phenomenon. cultures which outgrew their habitat either became predators upon their neighbors or succumbed. simplicity is simple-mindedness.

whatever deity or chaotic attractor or big-banger is responsible for this balloon full of calories we call a Universe, the thing came out organized, patterned, predictable and graspable, by degrees, to be sure, but graspable nonetheless. the grasp, however, requires more than ten fingers and toes, it requires extensions via instrumentation into previously invisible domains on either side of the visible light wavelength spectrum. any obstacle to figuring this sucker out is Fascism. primitivism in art is a Fascist psywar stratagem.

an irreversible cultural phase shift is occurring towards the more complex matrix of visual field simultaneity. cognition is directional. it is constantly facing an unknown—the future. this is the human condition. our instrumentation for illuminating this unknown has created a Global Village that has no room for global villains. we can no

we have been programmed by think-tank wrecking crews into harmful associative reflex-emotive fields

method is attacked from several directions. technology is reported as a runaway, life-threatening aberration of the human spirit, opposed to the "intuitive". the brain is categorized as left/right rather than something sensible like front/back counterpoising analytical to reactionary reflexmentation, or inner/outer counterpoising primitive sub-mammalian functions to the cortical speech and dexterity areas, or electro/chemical counterpoising glandular endocrine biochemistry

has been debunked as a semi-literate sectarian specializing in "doping the samples" when they didn't fit into her pre-existent doctrine.

bad scientific method has been the subsequent hallmark of the anthro-romanticist's nostalgia for primitive humanity's hunting and gathering rituals. this is a strategy designed to destroy "sense", as our cultural and personal data fields contribute to the amplification of awareness and cognitive method. environmen-

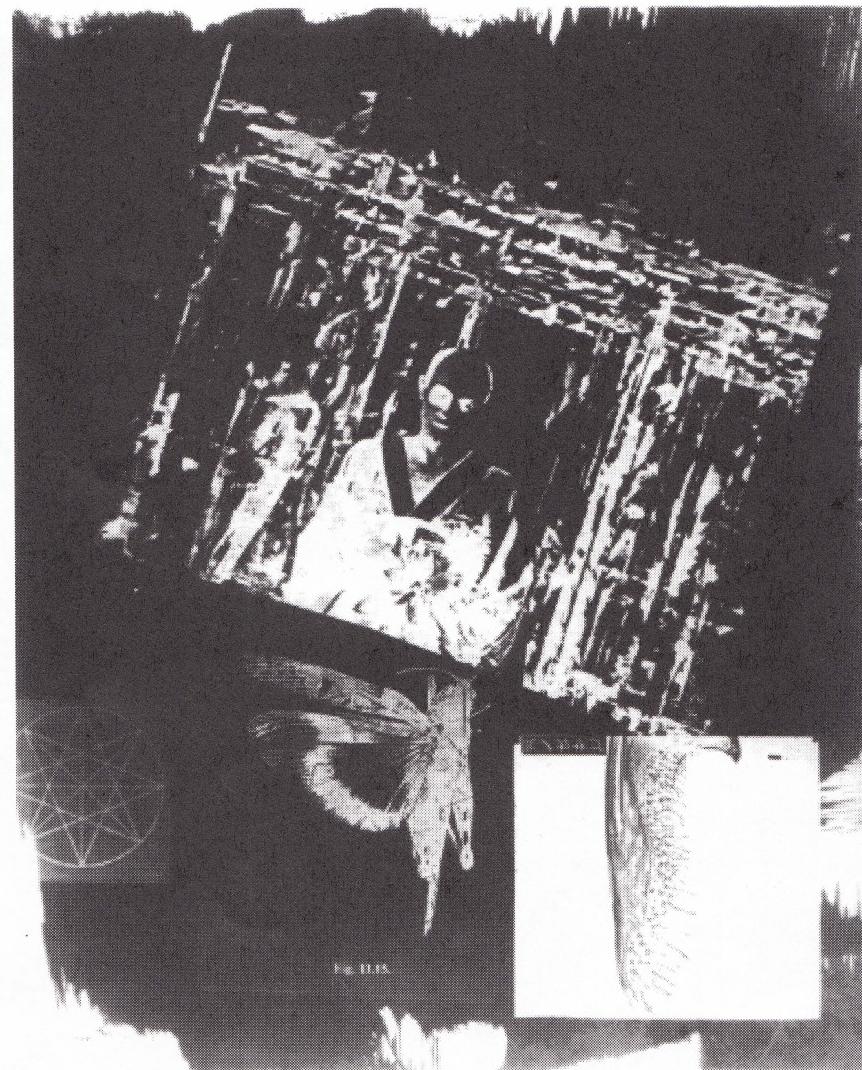
longer afford to rationalize evil as a necessary and designed-in everpresent yin-yang 50/50 counterbalance to that which is good. our task as artists is clear: it is the exponential increase of human intelligence, i.e., the creation of human genius. if we don't take up the task, then piss on art. let technology provide not only the instruments and tools for learning, but the lesson books and methods as well.

info overload is relative to your skill level. the quantities of information to which we have access today result from vast fields of flux throughout space and powerful negentropic/extropic vectors which have intersected on this planet to produce consciousness. life is not a spin-off of solar radiation. it ain't the creation of cosmic angelic super beings either. it is the operation of potential from nothing. exactly how and why, we will one day discover. my guess is that there was simply nothing there to stop it. but we cannot discover it by examining *mind* alone. we must ping-pong between that and an examination of physical reality. what verifies this method is the increase and extension of life—everyone's.

you can't exercise wisdom by posting warning signs around certain areas of knowledge. to the curious and the interested the warning: "don't go in there" is immediately translated into "don't go in...where!?"

cultural acceleration of the coming magnitude will require a guiding, cohesive body of knowledge and experience as a frame of reference. we can enter the 21st century with or without a heat shield. we need diagrams and manuals. damn few artists are moving to help with this. the few that do involve themselves for all the wrong reasons. they really don't believe that technology is a good thing, intrinsically. they've been sold a load of psycho-mystico claptrap about consciousness, existence and psychology that obscures true methods of discovery. we have been programmed by think-tank wrecking crews into harmful associative reflex-emotive fields through the use of a package of transparent behaviorist techniques to manipulate the imperceived into a surrender of autonomy—all this while proclaiming autonomy loudly. that's the trick. self-definition automatically precludes self-analysis, unless that definition is, *a priori*, one of self-analytical being.

what yardsticks have been palmed off on us for the differentiation between the intrinsic and the manufactured? "gut reaction," "intuition." like that's going to keep you from being conned, cheated, fleeced and peeled clean as a hummingbird's butt. if your intuition is so accurate, consistent, timely, and prioritizing, then why ain't you won a million at the lottery, or made all the right decisions. clock yourself for the next hour. how many times a day do you perceive yourself operating with the aid of intuition, really extending a forecast into a verifiable future situation that is not based upon learned experience, common logic, a gathering of evidence, a conscious



judgement, a weighing out of alternatives with their assigned scenarios? how many times a day do you really strike forward on important matters intuitively? schizophrenics have intuitions all the time. their minds are a spider web of intuitions, their resultant compulsions and inhibitions.

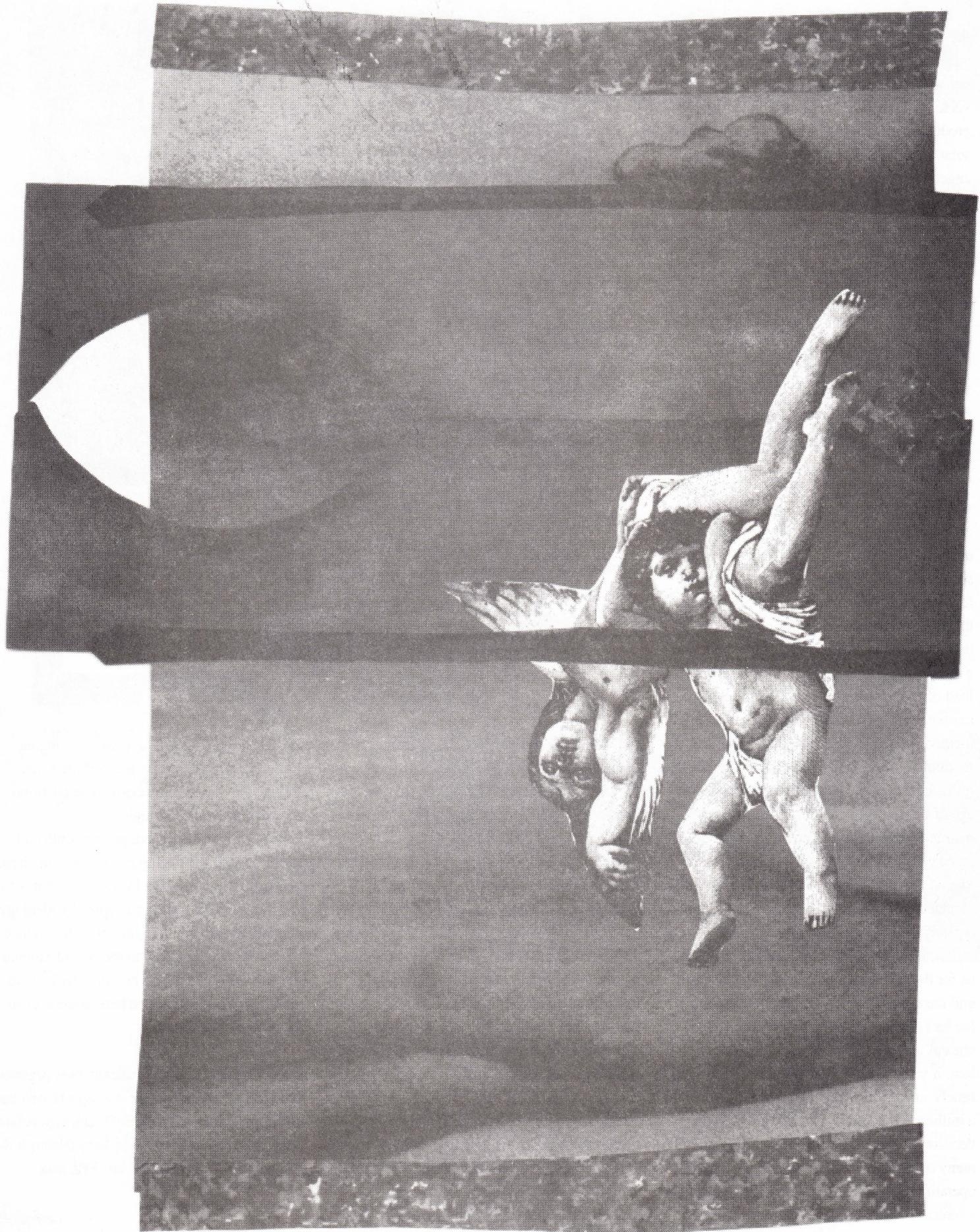
we are currently coming out of a state of low intensity cultural warfare. it is sub-military, borderline sub-political, but mainly employing all mass media as psychological warfare chess pieces. to the extent that artists play into the manufacture and distribution of "miracle relics" whether they be objects or catechisms, they are lackeys and bootlicks of the mover and shaker brahminocracy. irrationalist "new age" theology is as much the opiate of the people as are the established religions. if Christian Fundamentalism is seen as an anathema to human intelligence by the radical vanguard and their artist popularizers, then so are all varieties of fundamentalism, including the "new age" ones because their characteristic signature is equally the moronic

reifying dickhead's psychosis as dogma. they are all revelations in a cabbage patch designed to create an acceptance of blind dogma and sacrifice of logic.

the art game is rigged, yet the depth and breadth of the rig is not being probed with modern, well-calibrated cognitive instruments, that is to say, frames of reference not crippled by ideology. we artists must attempt to figure out why science is so powerful and gesture it to the side of efficient, humane will. if there was not an inner logic to existence, we would not be here. irrationalism equals self-annihilation.

walter alter is a significant Net presence. He represents a new order of Knighthood that seeks definition of the Self through cultural antinomianism. in a society where fuzzy thinking is the good, walter alter is part of the new EVIL men.

brace of Some



paradise lost

..by Carmen Hermosillo, hundog@well.com

Satan was God's greatest lover. Poets have said this, scholars have glossed it and even the churchmen point at it sometimes, so there must be some truth to the idea. Satan, they also say, was beautiful. Perhaps Satan was beautiful like a black star. We do know that Satan was proud and immoderate. She was a free being who loved God. Of God, the poets have said many things. God, said one poet, was a hawk in the glow of the morning. God's eyes were the color of a hurricane cloud sometimes, other times they were the color of a melting glacier.

Nonetheless, Satan loved God without sense or reason. It was her pleasure to love God and so she did. It was her pleasure also to sit by him, her arms draped around his knee and her head upon his thigh while he showed her the worlds that he created. Sometimes, while she listened, her hands travelled absently over his ankles and calves. It pleased her to touch him; he was perfect and beautiful to her eyes. In the evenings, God would point to the sunsets. "These are yours," he said "they remind me of you." He infected the world with private meanings that delighted her. She smiled to herself and said nothing.

In this world, time did not exist as we know it: everything was Present. So I tell you in passing that the crows were created, and after them, their bright cousins, the jays. The crows screamed and the jays giggled and music came into the world. Satan loved this, also. She loved everything that God made. For her, everything was perfect and beautiful: she collected stones, leaves, shells, and feathers. She would have collected the stars and the surf had it been possible for her to do so. One shudders, sometimes, to think of this passion she had. It was, like everything else about her, immoderate and wild. Sometimes Satan teased God. She looked at him darkly and said "I will not obey you. I cannot; this is how I am made." God said to her quietly, "I ask no one to obey."

So in this world, the Present endured and Satan loved God and she took trouble with nothing except beauty and pleasure. But then something happened. The night came at least when God began to create things that Satan did not understand. He made little things, puny and weak. He made these things that had no light and no beauty in them. Satan became confused because they were different than the other things he made. She turned to God and asked him "Why these things? Why not more things like the other strong things, more stars, more worlds?"

God did not reply and Satan watched. She began to see that he liked these weak things. The weak things, in return, looked at God and loved him. Satan was not surprised that they loved God; indeed she expected that God would be loved merely because he existed. To Satan, God's nature made love inevitable. What bothered Satan about the weak things was the love and kindness that God lavished upon them. They were imperfect but he loved them. Her confusion grew.

As her confusion grew, Satan became more immoderate. Then the moment came when this dark and passionate star went nova. Perhaps she was jealous; we will never know. But she did gather up a tribe of beings like herself and they beat down the gates of heaven, screaming in anger. Why did she do it? On account of her actions, God became angry with her. He turned his eyes away from her and cast her out of the place that she loved. No one can explain passion.

The rest of the story is well known. She sits now, enthroned and solitary, on quicksilver with a rusty knife in her heart. She counts herself blind because she cannot see him. She counts herself deaf because she cannot hear him. She counts herself numb because she cannot feel him. Little fires kiss her black hair. Her legions are scattered throughout the worlds. To console her, they fly about trying to show God the imperfection of the little weak things that he made; but she no longer cares about them. She sits upon her quicksilver throne, as the poets say, deep in the fires, nourishing herself on the memory of the condemnations of her beloved.

16²



of Goats & Satan

..by Erika Whiteway, outrider@well.com

It's fairly obvious to me, a former goat owner, how goats came to be associated with Satan. My first goat was a Pygmy. I named him Louie. I named all succeeding goats Louie, so this one came to be known as *Louie the First*. He would stand on the deck in full of view of passing cars, neighbors and the Eye of the Universe, sucking his dick and pissing on his chin—*Goat Porno Theater, LIVE! SEVERAL TIMES A DAY!* And besides that, he grew up and smelled bad—really bad, as mature, un-neutered male goats usually do. Unfortunately I didn't know about this until it was too late. This is why the Children of Isræl came up with the idea to call the occasional one of them a scapegoat and drive him off into the desert wilderness to carry away their sins and the goats' stink...everybody sing: "a-Louie lou-eye, oh oh, me gotta go", which Louie the First eventually did, sold to man of indeterminate Middle-Eastern ancestry who I'm sure ate him. Twenty-five bucks for a sixty-pound goat (the going rate for a used goat in these parts) is a good deal for meat—probably got a small stinky goatskin rug out of it too. As Louie was led away, I remembered this ancient Middle-Eastern recipe:

Stuffed Camel

- Take one eviscerated camel, a few goats and several chickens also eviscerated;
- Make a stuffing mixture from the collective eviscerati, and season to taste;
- Stuff the chickens with this mixture;
- Stuff the goats with the chickens;
- Stuff the camel with the goats;
- Dig a big, big pit in the sand and put a layer of really hot rocks in the bottom; cover rocks with a layer of palm fronds; put in the camel; cover with another layer of palm fronds, hot rocks, more palm fronds; take down your tent and cover the whole thing with it. Dump sand all over the top and cook for a long time, a day or two, or until it's cool enough to approach. Serves an entire tribe.

I don't know where I got this recipe and I've never had the opportunity to try it. Even if there were camels available around here the logistical problems of getting a stuffed camel lowered

into a pit are overwhelming unless you have a tractor or a lot of other camels who didn't get uppity over the whole business. And at any rate, Louie the First probably ended up as a simple roast.

The important thing I learned with Louie the First is never buy a young goat who's already started growing horns: they can't be cut off or trimmed like cow horns can. They grow from buds which clever opportunistic people transplant to the forehead so they can have a "unicorn" to display at Renaissance Faires like a bestial

thereby avoiding a bloody trip to Dr. Drunk, the local farm animal veterinarian.

Speaking of drunk veterinarians, let's talk about castration, shall we? I was told by people wise in the ways of goatkeeping that testicular surgery would eliminate some if not all the problems I was having with Louie. So off we went to Dr. Drunk's.

I was wearing my gold-lamé Converse hightops the day of our appointment. Louie was on his leash in the office with me, anxiously sniffing the smells of animals in distress along

He would stand on the deck in full view of passing cars, neighbors and the Eye of the Universe, sucking his dick and pissing on his chin

carnival freak. You could just as easily transplant the horn-buds someplace else, I imagine, like onto his butt, and have a way freakier beast than a crummy fake unicorn.

Louie's horns were already a few inches long when I got him. He liked to ram his head into things, mostly my knees. When he was little he used to come in the house, and I thought it was so cute, the way he'd trot in on his tiny feet, eat the cats' food, grab papers off the table and scare himself, knock shit over and scare himself...he was endlessly in search of entertainment and in the process peed on the carpet once and occasionally ran through the livingroom bucking and shitting little poop-pellets that would roll under the furniture. I finally decided the house was not a barn—he was developing his strong stink about this time anyway—and banished him, like his scapegoat ancestors, to the wilderness of the backyard. This totally pissed him off.

Instead of frolicking all day in search of fun, like he used to, he would spend mornings alternating between public displays of onanism and bashing his head into the French door, miraculously missing the many panes of glass and

with suspicious chemical odors and the bourbonized personal aroma of Dr. Drunk.

"Bring him out back," he bellowed.

So we went out the back door where the stalls and pens are and he tells me to sit down on the cement steps, gives Louie too much of whatever anesthetizing agent is in the syringe and Louie passes out immediately.

"Now hold him between your legs..." and I stretched his little arms—er, front legs—up so he's hanging like a sausage between my knees with his belly facing out. Dr. Drunk slices open his scrota, whacks off his testicles. The whole procedure took less than five minutes.

"You want these?" he says, "Rocky Mountain Oysters, good eatin' ..." and I couldn't tell if he was serious or not, since I was fixated on the bright spattered Louie-blood on my gold-lamé hightops...little red beads glinting in the sun. People in the Middle Ages believed goat's blood was so hot it could melt diamonds, but they didn't say anything about its effect on hideous footwear. For the record, I still have the hightops and I still wear them, the bloodstains faded but not the memory of that day...

Normal vets, I should mention, keep post-surgery animals until they wake up, in case they



don't, but Dr. Drunk must have had an urgent appointment at the Hotsy Totsy Club because he sent me home right away with an incredibly limp and wilted Louie draped in my arms; he was out cold, and stayed that way on a blanket in the livingroom for as long as it takes to watch *Apocalypse Now*. I would rest my head on his side from time to time and listen for his heart beat because for awhile I thought Dr. Drunk was maybe **TOO** heavy-handed with the anesthesia and Louie was on his way out the Big Exit. I didn't want a dead goat in my livingroom, either. Then I started remembering how cute he was as a baby, how he liked going for walks on the leash and riding in the car like a dog, and I began to twitch with premature pangs of guilt, thought I should've just let him be—so what if he stinks and sucks his dick twenty times a day? Maybe I should've done what a neighbor

suggested and tie his nuts off with rubber bands, let them atrophy and fall off.

"That's the way we used to do, when we had the farm, didn't think of going to a vet' inarian for a do-it-yourself job like that." But that didn't really appeal to me, and I'm sure it wouldn't have appealed to Louie at all, though perhaps it would've been easier on him than being basically in a coma for half the day and maybe getting brain-damaged.

The sun was setting when he came to, suddenly wide-awake and wild. He immediately bounced up onto the couch, knocked over the ashtray and two cups of coffee, chased off the cats, pissed on the floor and rammed his head into the coffee table, toppling a pile of books. He ran around like he had an electric wire up his butt, and before I could catch him and get him outside he took a running dump...shit-pellets from one end of the house to the other...

After he healed he wasn't one bit different than he was before. That's what you get when you wait too long to "whether"ize your goat—you gotta cut those nuts off BEFORE the secondary sex characteristics set in unless you want a crazed mini-beast terrorizing your chickens, your cats, the neighbor's dog, and ruining your vegetation. I forgot to mention that the original reason for getting Louie was for weed-and-grass control, except that Louie preferred to eat everything else but. He especially liked Chicken Scratch, ornamental foliage in my yard and my neighbor's, plus he denuded the lower regions of every single tree he could get near, and he would ram the apple and pear trees and pull on their limbs so the fruit would fall off for his easy enjoyment. He was like the Tasmanian Devil whirring around the yard, a two-foot-tall beast of ruin. I finally made the not-too-painful decision to sell him. The truly idiotic thing about selling Louie the First is that I replaced him

e dito r¹⁰ snot e: min

At Mendes in ancient Egypt the sun god *Re* was worshiped as *Ba-neb-tetu*, this figure is invoked in the *Magical Papyri* to bring lust and sleeplessness to his victims.

In a book by Ibn Wahshiya, a Sabian from Harran, called *Ancient Alphabets and Hieroglyphic Characters Explained*, in which a particularly important figure is labeled: "This figure is expressive of the most sublime secret, called originally *Bahumed* and *Kharuf* (or calf), viz. The Secret of the Nature of the World, or The Secret of Secrets, or The Beginning and Return of Every Thing. To speak at length of this figure is more than the limits of this book allow. We refer the curious, who wish for more explanation, to a book which we have translated from our

Nabathean language into Arabic and entitled *Sun of Suns and Moon of Moons*, illuminating the discovery of the Hermesian alphabets or hieroglyphics, where he will be completely satisfied. The Hermesians let nobody into the secrets of their knowledge but their disciples, lest the arts and sciences should be debased by being common among the vulgar. They hid therefore their secrets and treasures from them by means of this alphabet, and by inscriptions, which could be read by nobody except the sons of wisdom and learning." The Bahumed became identified with another goat when it reached Baghdad.

The great Sufi Abu El-Atahiyya of Baghdad (748-826) belonged to the Azia tribe, whose badge was a goat. After his death his followers called the Wise Ones, adopted the symbol of a torch between the goat's horns as a symbol of illumination. One of the branches of this cult became known as the Cult of the Revelers and resettled in Spain.

with Louie the Second in less than a year, who was given away later to a friend whose nervous racehorse needed a companion. Then a neighbor who was unhappy with his goat gave me Louie the Third, the end of the line, who, last I heard, was destroying the ornamental plants in a restaurant atrium waiting to be presented to someone's grandfather as a birthday surprise. I guess my love/hate relationship with goats is not so strange afterall, since that seems to be the historical case with goats and people.

Before the Christians—*i.e.*, *Roman Catholics*—showed up and started ruining everything in their grab for power, goats were necessary companions and a staple of life for many people all over the world. They were a source of milk, meat and wool, and took their place in various cultural mythologies. Male goats were symbols of virility, of Life. They were the mythical animals who pulled Thor's chariot and carried the Vedic

fire god, Agni. But the Christians came along and cast him as an “impure stinking” creature “in search of gratification”. And of course the Christians saw Satan in anything having to do with sex. In the Last Judgment, the male goat was condemned eternally to the fires of hell where he became good buddies with Satan. This is why it's not good to be Trendy—one era you're In, the next era you're burning in Hell.

The goat-as-devil meme really caught on in the Middle Ages; that's when those *National Enquirer*-styled drawings started cropping up and witch-hunts really picked up steam. Suddenly, the Knights Templar, who were defenders of the Church for a couple hundred years, started looking suspicious to the Spanish Inquisition because of their Baphomet/goat symbol [see sidebar]. They were all burned at the stake and Roman Catholicism spread like a bad joke to every corner of the world. This was the beginning of

Real Estate Development as we now know it.
Dominus vobiscum ecum spiritu tuo.

While all this male goat bashing was going on, the female goat maintained her pre-Christian status as nurturer; she came to be associated with Christ because of her great eyesight and mountain-climbing abilities (which are both attributes of male goats too) and was present at the Nativity, along with the sheep and other beasts. The horn of the female goat is the cornucopia, another carry-over from pre-Christian times, when it belonged to the Greek goddess Almathea, who nursed the infant Zeus on the bounty from her horn-of-plenty. Nowadays, it's a cheap wicker thing made in Hong Kong and sold in crafts stores to good Christian women who put it on their Thanksgiving tables for the annual celebration of the Great Native American White-Out.

e.g. *oatf acts* . . .

—4—
The Knights Templar adopted the goat as the symbol from the Cult of the Revelers and the name from the *Picatrix*. This symbol which remained in their halls lead to the accusation that the Templars worshiped Goats and/or the Devil. The Pope forbade the order and had its grandmaster Jacques Demolay burnt at the stake.

—5—
The Templars reformed into various Masonic and Rosicrucian groups.

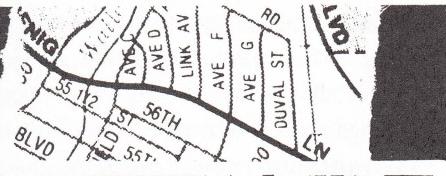
—6—
From that tradition the French magician Eliphas Levi created a goat representing the principle of “As above, So below.”

Levi's follower Oswald Wirth put the goat's head into an inverse pentagram for the first time. An unknown artist put the goat in pentagram symbol encircled by a double ring and the Hebrew word *Leviathan* as a cover for the French book *Histoire en 1000 images de la magie* by Maurice Bessy. The book appeared in English as *A Pictorial History of Magic and the Supernatural* in 1964.

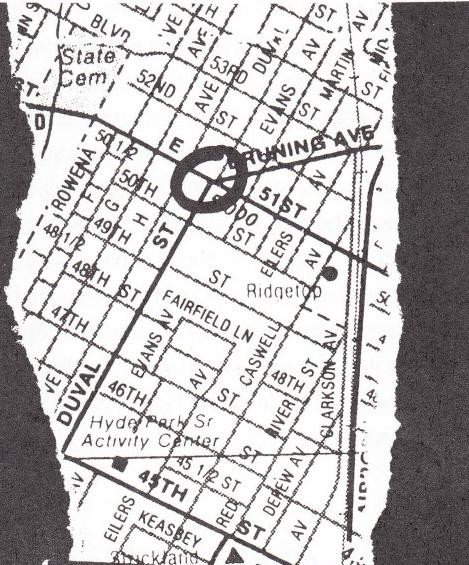
—7—
Anton Szandor LaVey choose that symbol for the Church of Satan in 1966. He said that those letters spelling *Leviathan* constitute a great mystery that will be reveled to certain Initiates at a certain time. They refer to the five senses, which if properly trained as gateways allow the psyche to experience the world directly, but most often act more as blockages.

—8—
The currently ruling goat is of course H.P. Lovecraft's *Shub-Niggurath*, the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young, of which we at *FWR* know a Great Magical Secret that allows us to control the world.

—9—
My goat facts are off the cuff, and should be forgotten, especially the last one.

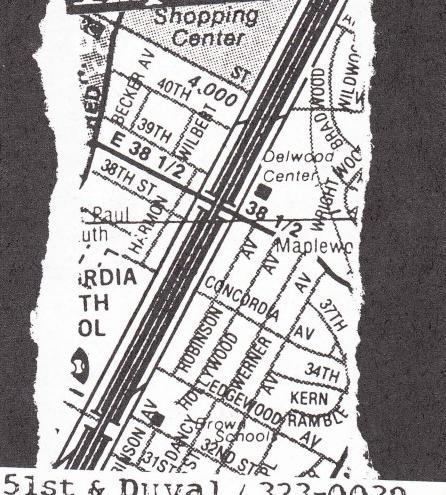


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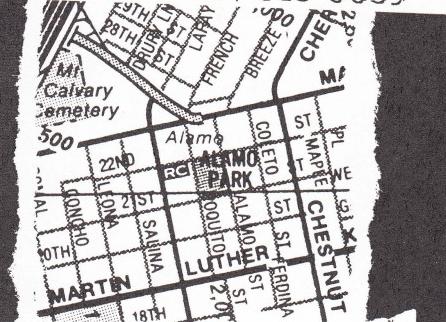


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666:38

In Christian belief, goats embody Good and Evil, just like humans, except it's the human female who is in league with Satan. Since all of these gnostic hand-me-downs are the result of Deep Thought on the part of a bunch of men wandering around in vast sand and drinking too much fermented berryjuice from goat-skin bota bags, who then told it all to some other group of foreign men likewise scorched and addled, who knows what anyone REALLY said? It's just as likely that Jesus, being a Capricorn, the Sign of the Goat, was called *Satan* and not *Christ*. Or maybe it wasn't goats at all, initially, but their cousins, camels—which were probably at least as plentiful as goats, if not more so. Christian camel lore is very weak and as flip-floppy as all their other ideas.

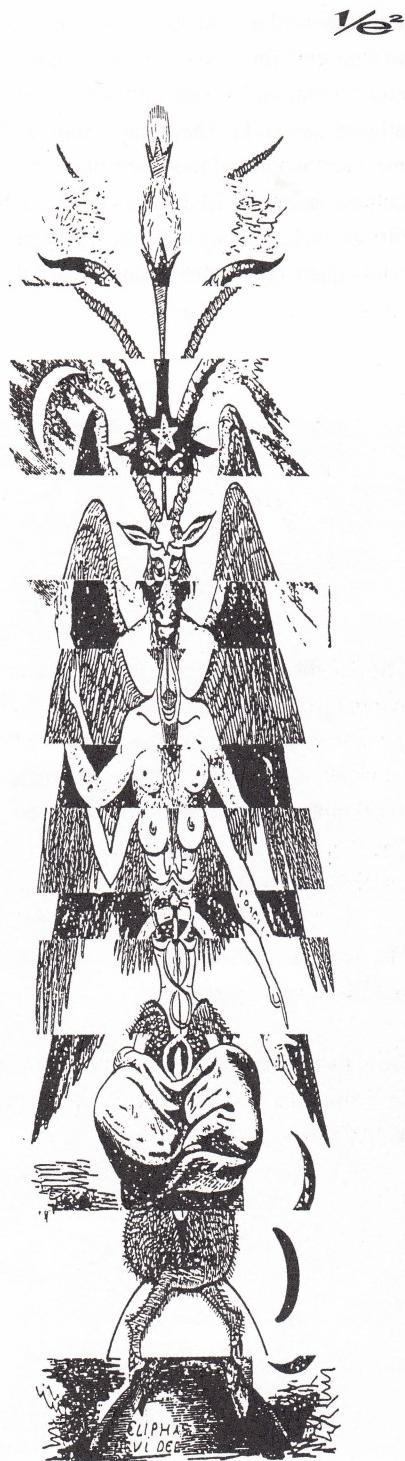
St. Augustine (A.D. 354-430) made the camel a symbol of the humble Christian's burden, but camels were also believed to be, at different times by different peoples, symbols of discretion, laziness, obedience and selfishness, and Satan appeared to Macarius the Egyptian in the form of a giant camel—camels are pretty damn big anyway, so one might wonder what they meant by “giant” or even “camel”. The Arabic word for camel is *gamlá*, which also happens to mean rope. When Christ said “It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God” maybe the translators were feeling surrealistic; they obviously didn’t have to suffer through Sophomore English with an old, dwarf-like teacher wearing a stupid hairnet, named Mrs. Morse, who ranted endlessly, “Never mix metaphors! Never mix metaphors!”

In the Babylonian *Talmud* the same proverb refers to an elephant passing through a needle-eye, and in some other versions it's a water buffalo going through a keyhole or something. So in the Godalmighty irrefutable *Bible* that is filled only with the Absolute Truth, it could've been a goat, for all we know, not a camel. With the all the language differences and sand-fever, the original saying might have been "Please move your camel, it is shitting in my doorway." And many people besides Jesus Christ could've said that; and He could've said or meant a goat, or maybe it wasn't Jesus' statement at all but Satan's, who could quite easily have been so tired of goats shitting in his livingroom and not being cute anymore that he cast them out to the Earth Realm to live with their Good/Evil human

relatives in a wondrous love/hate relationship
in a certain American backyard...

Bibliography

Everything in here that looks the least bit academic, sourced, quoted, or not made-up came from the *Dictionary of Symbolism* by Hans Biedermann, 1992 edition by Facts On File, or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1963 John F. Kennedy Memorial white leather-bound edition that I got from a junk store for thirty-five bucks.



m m m m music reviews CISUM

..by Demandra, music-reviews@fringeware.com

FWR needed a music column, an opinionated, [REDACTED] section filled with [REDACTED] of musical entities that you may/may not [REDACTED] care to know about. We at(e) FWR have decided to [REDACTED] this perceived [REDACTED] gap due to the world-wide [REDACTED] demands. However, we will not review (alleged) "alternative" music, since you can hear [REDACTED] on your local Top-40 station or just stay tuned to MTV's Buzz Clips for [REDACTED]. Instead, we intend to review "progressive-closet-atrocious-fetish" music, a.k.a. [REDACTED]. Luckily enough, by the grace of some god somewhere known to Its worshippers simply as [REDACTED] we learned about the Skeptileptics and Sneepy Bejesus. Plus if you haven't yet heard Yma Sumac's Xtabay, then welcome to [REDACTED] aural ecstasy. Stay tuned, here/hear, for more [REDACTED]...so WAKE UP and send me that tape you crafted in your dark, seedy coffin of a bedroom, on [REDACTED] that pawn-shop 4-track recorder—or send me your dearest friend's 7" single that his/her current [REDACTED] friend just created a new, [REDACTED] indie label around. Send me something rare, [REDACTED] and creepy. Thank you.

— Demandra

ps: This issue's reviews were contributed by myself (D) and Nathaniel R. Haakinson (NRH)

Yma Sumac, Voice Of The Xtabay, Capitol Records

The story of Yma Sumac reads much like a *National Enquirer* headline: "Woman found in small Incan village, possessed by Peruvian Goddess of Voice, brought to America and made



into Hollywood Superstar—Captures the hearts of millions." I discovered her about a year ago, even though she has been famous internationally for over 40 years. A friend blessed me with this album—acquired at Goodwill Industries—

perhaps to get into my pants or to impress me with his dynamic musical tastes. Look for it in your local re-sale record stores.

From Yma's story on the album cover, she was "born high" in the Peruvian Andes, a descendent of Incan Kings. As an Incan Princess, she inherited a magical four-octave range...this gift probably derives from spending her childhood "talking with the birds, the beasts, the winds, (and) the sounds of life and nature surrounding the little village of Ichocan."

It has been rumored that Yma Sumac was actually Amy Camus from Ohio. Misfortunate coincidence or fantastic truth? Wherever she came from, I will still love her and listen to her guttural growls and barks and angelic sirens while drinking my morning cup of Joe. —D

The Skeptileptics, Tapioca Volcano, Ramosaurus Records

The Skeptileptics' made-yer-ladle debut, *Tapioca Volcano*, is a masticated and spangled miasma of ebullient dentistry worthy of a lemur's handful of cheap craft-store rhinestones served



with flaming butter and licked carefully out of the crack in an obese female travel agent's ass. From the winsome crackle of "Lord O Greasy Jackhammer" to the wriggling fade-out of "Waiter, There's A Mutated Sperm In My Soup," these twelve Finnish trombonists walk the proverbial mitochondrial hairline betwixt Doo-Wop-era Kierkegaard and early Spooky Took with flatulent expert knees. Their cover of Badfinger's "Rock It, Scientologist" ribalds the organital. Pick it up and you'll say: "Fifty Nine. Whrrrrrrrrr" —NRH

Sneepy Bejesus, Semicolon Of Sorrow, Grin-Pik Reprise

Sneepy's first album, *Where Have You Been For The Last Two And A Half Hours You Lying Bitch I Thought You Was Just Goin' To The Fuckin' Store*, which detailed his bitter divorce from his former wife, pop crooner Mom Crooner-Rodham, solidified his role as the most unique and energetic voice in modern folk music. On *Semicolon Of Sorrow*, Sneepy's songwriting skills take a giant leap forward, and the result is what must be considered the finest album of the year. From the thoughtful political activism of "How 'Bout Term Limits For Voters" to the passionate homoerotic imagery of "Whitman Juice," Bejesus never fails to surprise and delight the listener. His lyrics resonate with maturity and honesty; when he sings "I miss your kiss/Gonna slit my



wrists/Baby, I ain't never had/To take a shit so bad" on the raucous "Ex-Lax and Ex-Lovers," you know he's speaking from experience. Most notable is the title track, a tender 17-minute ballad which tells the inspiring story of Sneepy's father's battle with colon cancer and the radical surgery which excised the cancerous tumor and saved his father's life. The song ends with the haunting lines "The surgeon got a piece of ass/Dear Old Dad's in diapers now/Insurance covered part of it/And a second mortgage paid the rest." Wonderful —NRH

16²



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- DAY 17
- DAY 16
- DAY 15
- DAY 14
- DAY 13
- DAY 12
- DAY 11
- DAY 10
- DAY 9
- DAY 8
- DAY 7
- DAY 6
- DAY 5
- DAY 4
- DAY 3
- DAY 2
- DAY 1
- DAY 20
- DAY 19
- DAY 18
- DAY 17
- DAY 16
- DAY 15
- DAY 14
- DAY 13
- DAY 12
- DAY 11
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- DAY 9
- DAY 8
- DAY 7
- DAY 6
- DAY 5
- DAY 4
- DAY 3
- DAY 2
- DAY 1

2. FOR THE NEXT 21 DAYS I WANT YOU TO PLACE YOUR HAND ON TOP OF MINE HERE. AGREE

WITH ME AND SAY OUT LOUD
IN FAITH, "I STAND IN
AGREEMENT WITH BOB
AND BELIEVE GOD FOR
MY MIRACLE!"

3. THEN EACH DAY AFFIX THE CORRESPONDING PRAYER OF AGREEMENT SEAL (BELOW) TO THE APPROPRIATE BOX (ABOVE) ON THIS POSTER. LET THIS BE YOUR ACT OF FAITH SEALING EACH DAY IN AGREEMENT WITH ME AS WE COUNTDOWN TOGETHER FOR YOUR MIRACLE.

5. WHEN I RECEIVE YOUR #1 MIRACLE REQUESTS SHEET, I'LL LAY MY HANDS ON YOUR NEEDS AND UPON YOUR PRAYER CLOTH. I'LL LAY THEM AT THE ALTAR, AGREEING WITH YOU. I BELIEVE GOD WILL GIVE YOU A MIRACLE!

4. THE FIRST OF EACH WEEK, AFFIX THE WEEKLY SEAL (BELOW) TO THE CORRESPONDING ENVELOPE AND MAIL IT BACK TO ME TO LET ME KNOW YOU'RE STILL STANDING FOR YOUR MIRACLE!

I BELIEVE THAT AS YOU AND I AGREE IN THE NAME OF JESUS GOD WILL GIVE YOU A MIRACLE! —BOB

Jesus said:
Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. —Matthew 18:19

Prove me now herewith [tithes and offerings], saith the Lord of hosts; if I will not open you the windows of heaven...and...rebuke the devourer for your sakes.... —Malachi 3:10-11

1. PUT THIS ON YOUR REFRIGERATOR, MIRROR OR SOMEPLACE YOU'LL SEE EVERYDAY.

*My friend,
I agree
with you
for YOUR
MIRACLE!
Bob*

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									APPX TO ENVELOPE #2	DAY	DAY

FWR in conjunction with Dissemination Network, announces an open call for submissions by mail artists and networkers. Each issue will feature the best mail art piece we receive. Our subject matter addresses fringe culture/thinking/lifestyles mixed with a touch of information theory and guerrilla media deconstruction. Keep in mind that we print in B&W, 8.5x11 inch, so anything you send is gonna wind up that way if we publish it. Please pass along this call to other interested parties, and thanks for your attention. Send entries to: FWR/PoBox49921/AustinTX78765USA

Sympathy for the Beast: awalkontheDarkSidewithMagician/Author Stephen Mace

..by Ron Hale-Evans, rwe@netcom.com

If you've been steering by the magickal "93 current" or read zines like *Chaos International*, you've probably heard of Stephen Mace. Mace's magick is a synthesis of his own unique theory and the techniques of his acknowledged influences Abramelin, Aleister Crowley, and, notably, Austin Osman Spare.

Haven't had time to Spare? Damn shame; here's a nutshell intro: Spare generated magickal results with psychological repression. He formulated "sigils" that were meaningless to the conscious mind but represented the desired result to the unconscious, then "charged" the sigils and repressed all thoughts of them. Just as repressed homosexual desires, say, manifest via a rainbow of results from Freudian slips to the invasion of Iraq, so then did Spare's magickal desires. Another Spare invention was "Neither-Neither," by which he rammed together conflicting propositions to create "free belief," a form of energy that was then used to charge sigils.

If Spare's technique or Mace's unique viewpoint on Thelema attracts you, I heartily recommend you order *Stealing the Fire from Heaven* (\$13.31 + \$1.00 s&h in the US) from Mace himself at PO Box 256, Milford,

CT 06460-0256. Also recommended is *Squeezing Being* (\$3.91 + 75¢ s&h). Mace's treatise on magick and synchronicity, *Sorcery as Virtual Mechanics*, is lamentably out of print.

Mace, a lanky, bearded, bespectacled six-foot-four, took time to speak with FWR in his (surprisingly) deliberate drawl on the Yale Cross Campus one cool overcast afternoon in September 1994. It is my privilege to bring you an (alas!) abridged version of that interview.

fwr: Would you say that the ultimate reality is more like Kali or more like Christ?

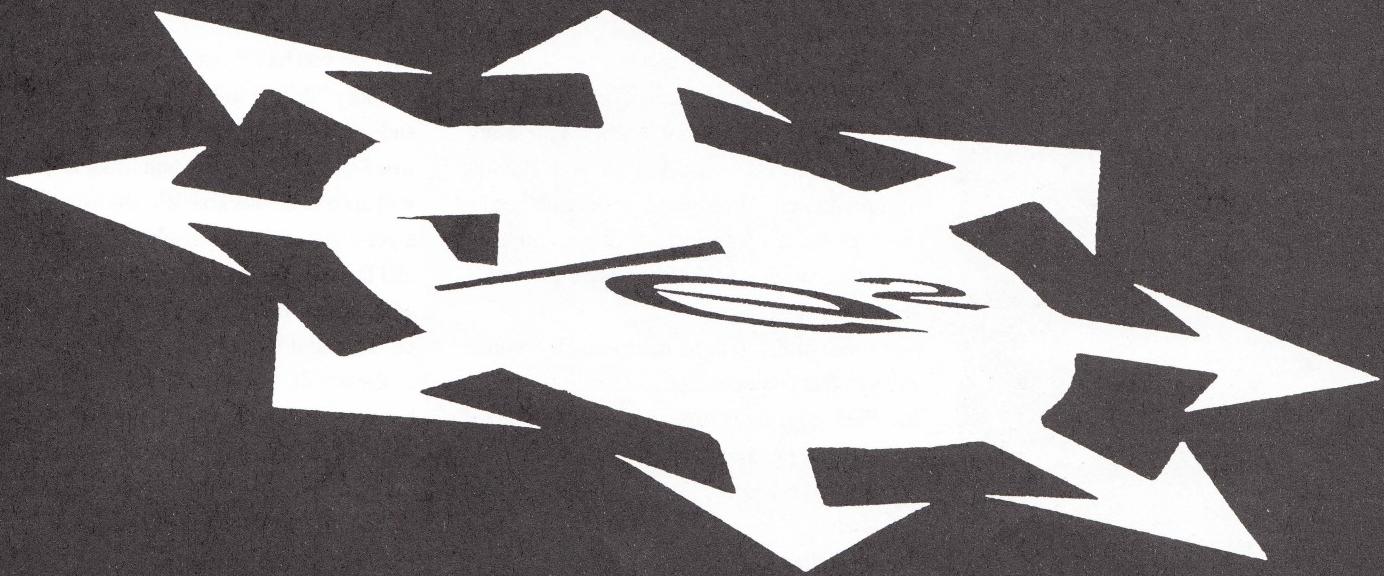
sm: Both. Why restrict it? Although "compassion is the vice of kings." But then, the compassion of Christ... is a later creation, after he was dead. I think that the real Christ is what you find in the first three gospels, not *John*... *John* was written by a fellow traveler of Paul. But the first three and the *Gospel of Thomas*—the whole Kingdom of God trip. The Kingdom of God is a state of mind. And if you think that Jesus could heal people by putting his hands on them, what

if they weren't sick? What if they were just normal people...? He could take them up to the Seventh Heaven! All the people he initiated personally, the Apostles, went on to commit their own miracles... But they couldn't pass on the power, and as soon as they were dead, the whole miracle tradition was gone. So I'd say Christ—or Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth; this "Christ" thing is a later creation—Jesus of Nazareth and Apollonius of Tyana were the top classical magicians.

fwr: You mention having trained with a Frater O.T.L. Would you care to elaborate on your magickal background?

sm: Frater O.T.L. was a guy I talked to a lot while I was in college. He had another student, so there was no formal affiliation, but he gave me some good books, and we had some really good conversations, and he straightened me out on... what direction to take that would be profitable. He was very much a practical magician rather than a theoretical one, although he was a Thelemite just like I am, but if I hadn't been a Thelemite before I met him, it wouldn't have clicked...





I wouldn't have been where I am without him, but I couldn't say our training was formal. I got into magick informally. Frater C. (*Stealing the Fire*) is dedicated to him as well as to O.C.L.) gave me a Tarot reading with the immediate future being the Nine of Swords, and three days later, the local constabulary broke down my door with a sledgehammer [laughing], confiscated my stock-in-trade, and hauled me off to jail. And when I got out, I asked Frater C. how he did it... So it was a very formal initiation in its way, but it was not formal in an occult sense. Like Starhawk says in *The Spiral Dance*: at the initiation you're supposed to be bound loosely, and the priestess puts an athame against your throat. Well, in this case, I was bound very tightly and handcuffed, and the cop has his gun...[points an imaginary gun at the forehead of Yours Very Sincerely; much laughter]. And you're supposed to be naked? Well, I was naked enough when they broke down the door!

fwr: A fitting initiation for a chaos magician!
sm: Yeah! It followed all the forms, but those guys were about as initiated as a *leopard*. So,

the continuation has been just as informal. I eschew affiliation. I'm not on the Internet either.

fwr: Does it matter to you if you're referred to as a chaos magician?

sm: Well, but I'm a Thelemite, and as you notice with Pete Carroll, who is sort of Pope, or used to be Pope until he resigned, Thelema is really held at arm's length...almost like, "This is how we distinguish ourselves, ergo we can't do it." Also, I'm into the Holy Guardian Angel, and that contradicts Chaos. So you could call me a heretical chaos magician [laughter]...

fwr: You might be surprised to know, if you don't already...that Shakti Gawain uses a technique similar to Spare's repression, the Pink Bubble Technique, in her book *Creative Visualisation*. "Pink" is the operative word for a lot of her stuff, but do you think "affirmations" and so on have any validity?

sm: Ooh, I never heard of [Gawain]... You mean affirmations like the Comte de St.-Germaine, like that lady, Elizabeth Clare Prophet?...Hey, it's all different ways of conjuring... If it focuses the

attention in an effective way, it works. As far as "validity," it would have to be "effectiveness." That's the term, not "validity." If it works, then it's great, as long as the assumptions you have to take to make it work don't restrict you too much. Christianity works, but what kind of assumptions do you have to have? To make it work, you've got to believe that "He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and no one cometh unto the Father but by Him." And that's too restrictive...

fwr: I haven't seen the articles you wrote for *Chaos International*... Could you give our readers a taste...?

sm: Much having to do with the subtle body and using it. For instance, in *Squeezing Being*, I refer to [issues] 10 and 14, where you take a negative energy... An example I give in 10 is anger at the civil state. Now, what good did anger at the civil state ever do anybody? But it's not a *demon*, it's a legitimate response to them, because they are awful, and everything they touch turns to shit. So anger at the civil state is a perfectly reasonable thing to have, but it doesn't

do you any good. So, why not have your Holy Guardian Angel? This is crucial for my technique, and this is one of the beefs I have with the chaos magicians...even if they don't believe in "everybody has an angel," you can *define*, through your conjurations, a being that will accomplish this, and it's such a useful thing to have. So you have your Holy Guardian Angel *manufacture* the spirit that will *transform* anger at the civil state into something you can use. In my case, it was literary creativity. So every time I'm angry at the civil state, which is usually every morning when I read the newspaper, the spirit that *transforms* the energy of anger at the civil state into literary creativity, and that's a very effective way to get rid of garbage. The thing is, *you cannot repress negative things. You have to bind them or transform them.*

You can't get rid of the energy; you *can* redirect it. The Freudians were right. All the way back to the *I Ching*: If you stifle fire, you get smoke.

fwr: How do you distinguish between the technique of binding a personal demon and Spare's technique of repression to manifest a magickal result?

sm: OK. Binding a personal demon is sort of like focusing your personal power so you'll have enough power to...I don't know if I'd really want to make a firm distinction...For instance, I have a demon that causes me to be offended by assholes, but we're all assholes sometimes, so I consider that a less legitimate power...I just have that demon and tell it to be quiet. So that would be not conjuring, but managing your own corruption. But what I just said about the civil state would be a form of conjuring. It's not repressing, because the thing with Spare's technique [is], what you're repressing is what you want, and it's not a negative thing, which can't be repressed without poisoning yourself...Through repression, you're making it pop up as reality. It is different: binding a personal demon is controlling yourself so it doesn't bother you, and Spare's technique of repression to manifest a magickal result is...trying to manifest a magickal result. It's a ruse.

fwr: So you think that if you repress negative energy, that it would then "pop up"?

sm: Yeah, as a negative event. Freud pretty much laid that one out... You have to bind everything. Any spirit you use, you had better bind, or you're asking for it—

fwr: Will it still produce energy? I'm talking about repressing the negative things, like your

demons... When you bind it—I'm not sure if I'm following you—you say there's not much difference between that and repression?

sm: No. When you repress something, you purposely forget that it exists.

fwr: But this is knowing that it exists—

sm: And acknowledging that it exists and saying that it's under your control. It's not repression. You never repress the stuff *inside* you. Binding isn't repression...Repression is actually forgetting that it exists; it's putting it out of your mind entirely, with the hope that it will pop up somewhere else.

fwr: I see. And will these demons still produce energy after you bind them?

sm: Sure. And every time they pop up, you tell them to shut up, and then they will.

fwr: And then you use their energy to generate "free belief"?

sm: Generally not. If there's a lot of it, I might... When I charge a sigil, I usually use sexual techniques now. The free belief thing is excellent when you're just starting out and have a lot of free belief to get rid of, but after a while, you tend not to have so much... You should be using the free belief you got to begin with to build up your personal power so you can do stuff, like sexual stuff, later on, because concentration is of course necessary, and it's necessary to work cleanly...

The crucial thing when you're doing sex magick is that once you start, you have to take the position of chastity, which is that all *your sexual fluids are holy and you cannot waste them*. Now, if you're making love to your wife, that's no problem, although you might want to share the elixir as a sacrament later on, but it's just an adoration to Our Lady Nuit. But as far as autosexual stuff, if you just wipe up and throw it away after you've started using sex for magick, you're just asking for it. It has to be devoted, either as a eucharist, or to charge a talisman, or something like that, in order to not get bad happenings. For heterosexual activity, you can just say it's a libation to Our Lady Nuit—there's no problem there—but you just don't dispose of it casually...

fwr: Could we go back to the question of what happens to the energy that the demon does generate? What do you personally do with it, if you don't mind my asking?

sm: You mean, say somebody cuts me off in traffic and I'm offended and I call up the demon? Nothing, generally, because if you get it soon

enough, it's gone. Just let it dissipate like anybody on the street might. The idea of telling the demon to be quiet is just to cut off the *generation* of that energy. The initial amount is generally of no consequence.

fwr: Do you have an opinion on the "false memory" debate in UFOlogy, "ritual abuse," and sexual abuse cases?

sm: Sexual abuse cases and ritual abuse: there will always be wackos. If a wacko decides that a good glamour for him to take would be Satanism and then uses that...as he picks up young boys and buggers them, that is not to damn Satanism *per se*, and it is certainly not to damn the rest of the occult, any more than just because some born-again thinks her child is possessed by demons and the way to solve this problem is to stick her in the oven and to turn it up to 350°F; should we damn Christianity because of that?

fwr: You seem to be very theoretically oriented.

sm: It's more my Capricorn. It's not so much theoretical as *grounded*. If you don't have results, you can tell somebody, "Uh, you're not getting results."

Another good example of an omen: you remember *Sorcery as Virtual Mechanics*—which is now out of print; not so much that I don't like the ideas as I don't like the way I presented them—a little too awkward, a little too *scientific-ish*—if you remember, there's a Feynmann diagram on the cover. The day of its publication, the day I sold five copies to BookWorld and put them on the shelf (which is the legal definition of publication), was February 15th, 1988. On February 15th, 1988, Richard Feynmann died. I didn't even know he was sick until I read his obituary two days later.

He had been sick for eight years, dying of cancer. It was hardly like I killed him. It was sort of an affirmation that the idea was legit, that conjuration works the same way as omens, and that it's like having a stress created in the subtle planes that spits out in the plane below, the plane of manifestation... It releases itself as if it were a warning, but in the case of conjuration, you produce the stress purposely, in hope that it will manifest in the way you want.

fwr: You were talking about being a Capricorn. If you don't regard it as too personal or dangerous a question, what were the circumstances of your birth (date, time, place)?

sm: I won't get too specific. I'll just say that I'm a Capricorn in Sun, Mercury, Mars, and Jupiter, and that I've Scorpio rising.

fwr: OK. Are you right with Eris? Have you found "Bob"?

sm: I've read "Bob"; it's funny, but I don't think I've really "found" him. [laughter]. She [Eris] is OK. I don't have any problem with Eris.

fwr: What about Loki?

sm: I'm really down on lies. I think that if one expects one's word to bind the beasties of the psychic deep, one should be able to show up on time... What you say in your mundane life, the momentum your word gets from always working out... seems to me to give you the momentum and personal power to make your word have effect on the subtle planes also... If you're a liar or unreliable... the demon will laugh at you. "You couldn't even pick up your wife at the station in the rain, because you were busy on the Internet! You expect me to pay attention to you?"

fwr: You mention the phenomenon of magickal "splashback." Is there a moral component to splashback?

sm: I don't think there needs to be one. I think, almost, morality is a rough and ready way of avoiding splashbacks, laid down through the ages. For instance, sex as consequence, which of course has been worked into the status quo of every civilization... You're supposed to have monogamy, or at least there [are] rules that you're supposed to stay within, and the idea is to keep the consequence of sex within a frame conducive to the continuation of civilization. I think we need to go beyond traditional rules, but that doesn't mean that sex is going to cease having consequences. It still will, and... if you ignore the fact, you get splashbacks. Morality is a way that society has worked out to avoid splashbacks, trying to get something for nothing. You get a splashback whether you're doing it in the material world or on the psychic planes...

fwr: Does "splashback" equal "karma"?

sm: Splashback is sort of like "instant karma." "Splashback" is a much more specific term than "karma" is. Karma can be everything from character armor to demons badly dealt with to just the accumulation of how you deal with the consequences of, say, your greed... In any case, it's very restrictive, but it's not a specific cause-and-effect thing; it's more of an accretion than a splashback.

fwr: Well that's much more useful, I think, than the distinction between just simple "good" and "bad" karma.

sm: Oh, yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah!

fwr: Can sufficiently advanced magickal techniques avoid splashback?

sm: The more advanced your magickal techniques are, the more you'll be capable of creating the world you need, and you won't need to manipulate what you see out there in such a heavy-handed way that would cause one.

fwr: You talk about creating yourself so that you attract the things that you want...

sm: Or even creating situations. That's the whole idea of Doing. If the world is the objective residue of the subjective process, then the more power you have as a subject, then the more the objective residue will tend to conform to the way you want it to be, which doesn't mean you have to manipulate other subjects in order to do it. It's when you manipulate other subjects that you have problems...

fwr: How much credence do you place in Crowley's claim to be the "Word of the Aeon"? Pragmatically, how useful do you find this claim?

sm: I accept the Book of the Law at face value. I do not think Crowley has much more claim, except to be the best-informed commentator on the Book. None of his other "inspired" literature has a style anywhere near as terse and emphatic... He goes on and on about skies of amaranth and this and that... in the Holy Books, and it just isn't efficient, except maybe in *Liber Aleph*, but that's all prose. I take at face value his claim. If that makes him the Word, well, then so be it, but also, so what? [laughter] But I accept the Book.

fwr: So the answer to the [pragmatic] question is, "It doesn't make much difference."

sm: He is the best-informed commentator. I mean, that's certainly not to be sneezed at, but that doesn't mean he's Word as God...

fwr: Have you ever had a psychotic experience or anything resembling one (a bad trip or whatever)?

sm: Aw, I had a few of them.

fwr: Psychotic experiences?

sm: No, bad trips. That was a long time ago.

fwr: Do you believe it hindered or helped you in the long run?

sm: Probably helped.

fwr: How did you cope?

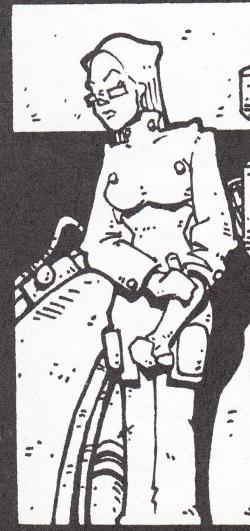
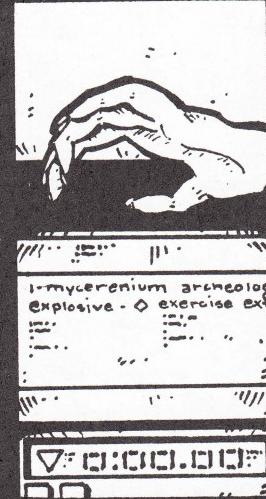
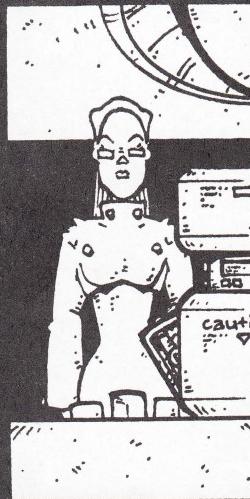
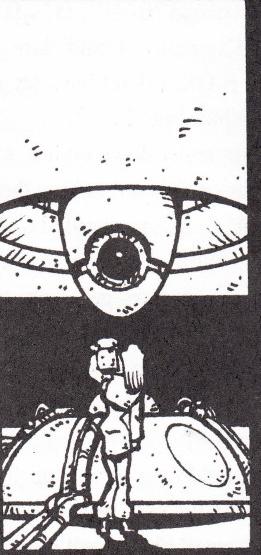
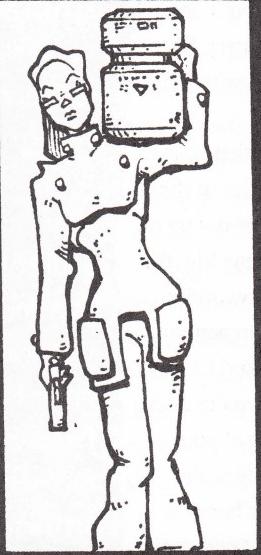
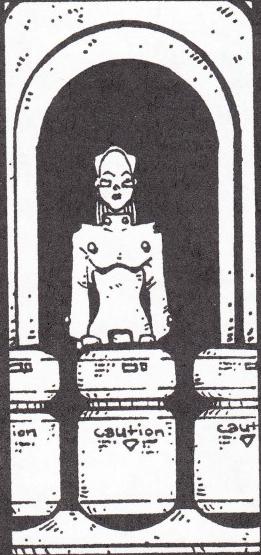
sm: With a bad trip? The best way to do a bad trip is not to do anything until you come down. [laughter]

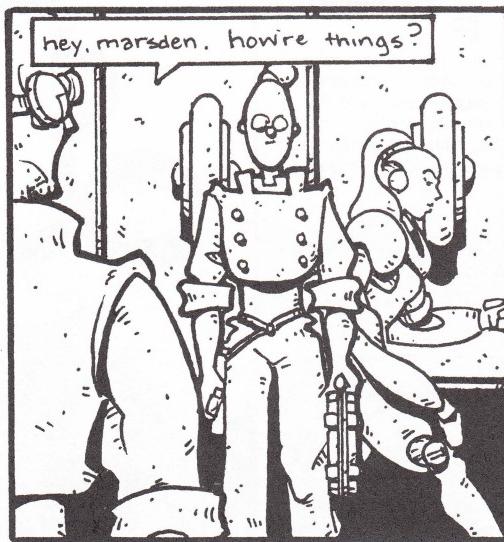
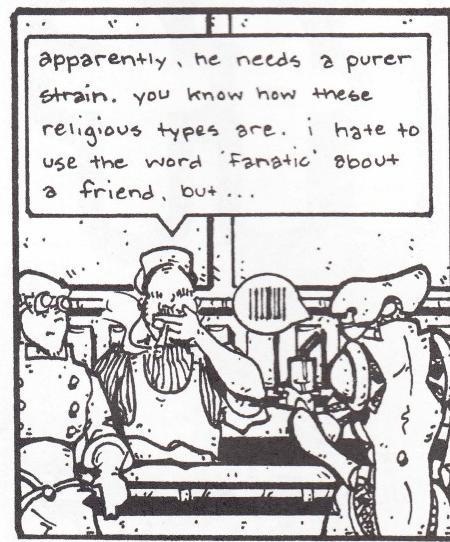
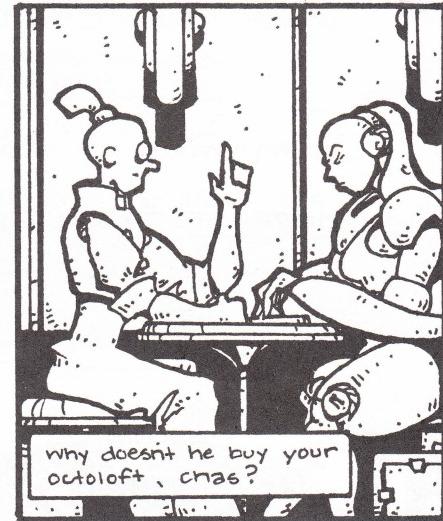
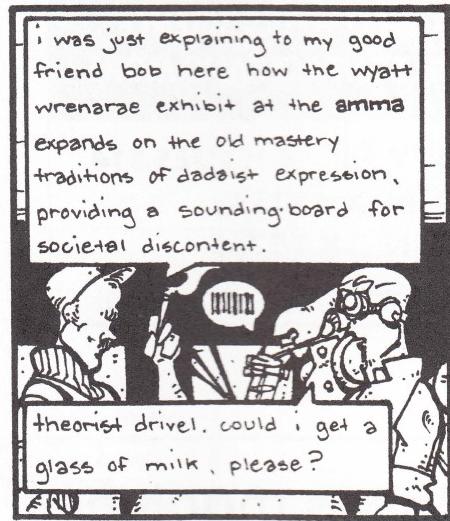
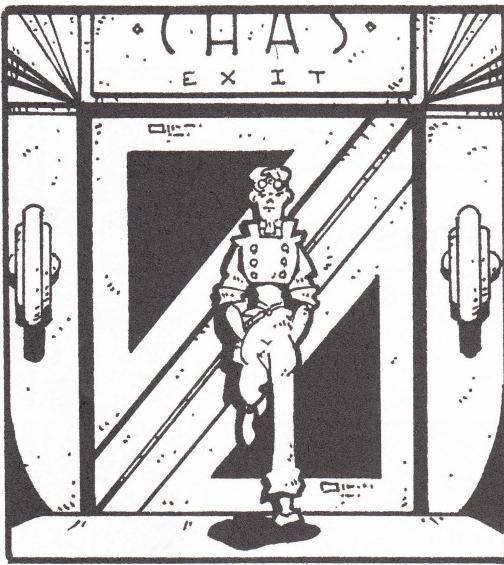
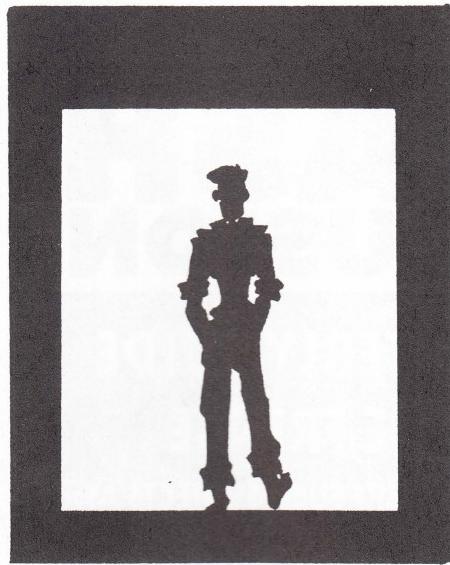
fwr: Can you expand on how you think it helped you? Did it help you see your demons?

sm: Oh, it just shows you that you're fragmented, and that you can be possessed one after another by these various entities that come up and become energized, the necessity of having a center, and I would have to say—well, let's not say.

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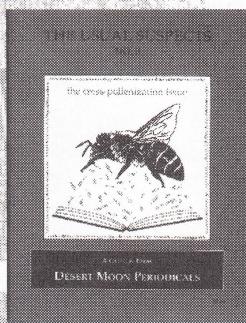
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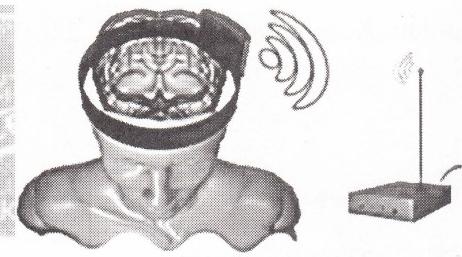


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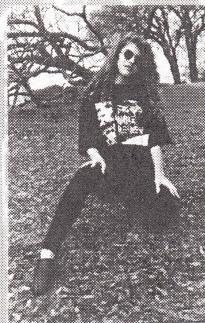


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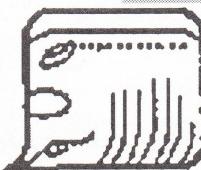


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Electronic Brain Machines

...by *Synetic Systems*

These wonderful, inexpensive, field-proven units are so good, they're becoming regulated & confiscated by the US Federal Gov't as if they were "drugs". That's the explanation...so rave chill rooms may go the way of the Branch Davidians. FDA = BATF = SS.



Mayan Calendrics

...by *Dolphin Software*

BORG-0031, \$49.00 each, 0.247kg

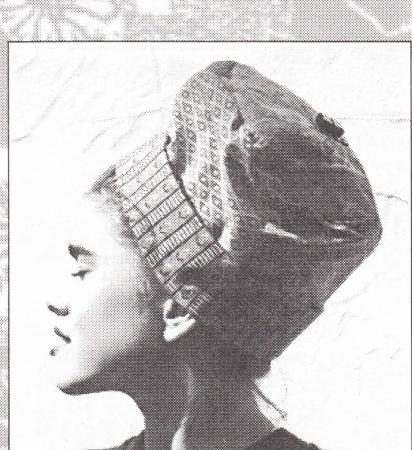
Academic tour-de-force, written for exploring correlations between Maya/Western calendric dates. Allows for various hypotheses about the Maya calendar...Not long ago it was 12.18.1996 in the Tikal system using correlation number 584,283, also called I Cimi 9 Yax, which PC anthropologists would call 13 Oct 92 CE, agreed by most modern astronomers to be Julian day number 2,448,909. BTW this provides an *interesting* way to encode a sequence of numbers one might care to protect.



PowerGlove units

...by *Mattel*

We buy these, if they're in good condition and guaranteed by the seller.



Space/Time Fabric hats

...by *Rolling Thunder*

WEAR-0010, \$12.00 each, 0.085kg

Reversible patchwork floppy hats with recycled electronics buttons, and the esteemed FWI label. People will think you speak another language, regardless of where you go. Custom orders for fabric colors/motifs at no extra charge.



Fractal stickers

...by *Fractalman*

MEME-0020, \$2.00 half-dozen, 0.014kg

"The Coolest Little Fractal Stickers!" Assorted color stickers showing Mandelbrot sets.

Mind Mirror

...by *KnoWare*

GROK-0060, \$19.95 each, 0.071kg

ThoughtWare for Mind-tool or Mind-play from Timothy Leary. For cyborg use w/ your personal "thought processing appliance." DOS color psych self-analysis, 5.25 disk only, manual autographed by Dr. Leary 9jan94.



Sugar • Contains Small Parts • Contains Sulfites • Controls Itching & Flaking • Cool At Room Temperature • Cool Completely • Coupons Cannot Be Combined • Customized • Cut Along Dotted Line To Remove Recipes • Cut Into Squares • Cut Out And Save • Dermatologist Tested • Different Is Good • Discontinue Use If Rash Persists • Do Not Apply To Broken Skin • Do Not Dilute • Do Not Exceed 6 Doses In A 24-Hour Period • Do Not Expose To Heat • Do Not Freeze • Do Not Shake • Do Not Sift • Do Not Sniff • Do Not Use Near Eyes • Do Not Use Staples • Do Not Use With Chlorine Bleach • Dolls Cannot Bend At Knees • Don't Wait, Call Now • Double-Acting • Drink A Glass Of Water With Each Dose • Drizzle Over Cake • E-Z Open Quality Seal • Easy Clean-Up • Employees Only • EPA Pollution Preventer • Extra Strength • Extreme Control • First Quality • Flow-On Applicator • Follow Dosage Below • For Ages 4 And Up • For Better Oral Hygiene • For Estimating

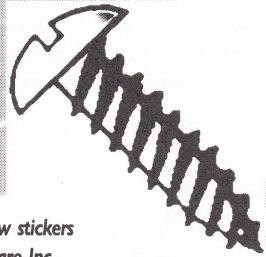


Schwa t-shirt

...by Schwa

SKIN-0040, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

Alien detector logo is xenon-coated so that it'll glow in the presence of aliens. Great early warning system in case of abduction. White on black cotton, plus glow in the dark. Black on white cotton version (SKIN-0041) provides alien detection with illustration. XL size only. "Not for the squeamish."



Machine Screw stickers

...by FringeWare Inc.

MEME-0060, \$1.95 dozen, 0.026kg

Stickers with a machine screw logo, approx. 5cm square. Just about the same size as those ubiquitous "heart" stickers. You know what to do.

Complete Schwa kit (vol.1)

Complete Counter-Schwa kit (vol.2)

...by Schwa

MEME-0200, \$15.00 each, 0.205kg

"All the basic equipment for alien defense in one simple kit!" A brilliantly terrifying tale of alien abduction, told in a book that contains only symbols and illustrations. Kit also includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers... Factsheet Five sez: "Whitney Schriber alien rapture conspiracy virus attack! Suicide = redemption = money." A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation and disappearance.

NEW: second volume, Counter-Schwa kit, provides memetic antidote for the above, but of questionable origins/intentions. Please be sure to specify which kit you must have immediately...

Circuit Board Clipboard

...by tecnotes

GZMO-0030, \$11.00 each, 0.366kg

33x24cm clipboard made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.

Circuit Board Binder

...by tecnotes

GZMO-0031, \$12.00 each, 0.563kg

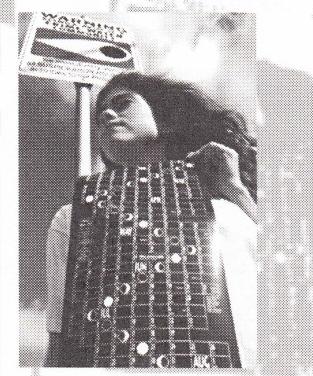
30x24cm 3-ring binder, w/ steel polyhinge. Made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.

Hyperbot Interface kit

...by Bots

GZMO-0110, \$290.00 each, free s&h

Flexible robotic control and Hypercard tools for education. Very easy to learn and use, Mac-based graphical controller to build robots out of popular building kits: LEGO, Capsella, MOVIT, fishertechnik. Other "activity kits" available.

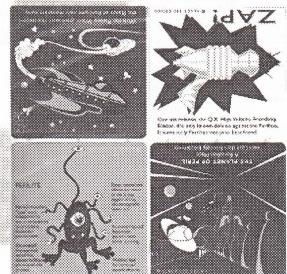


Schwa Lunar Calendar

...by Schwa

MEME-0203, \$5.00 each, 0.037kg

Disturbing 1994 Lunar calendar, 1x0.5m. "Keeps you informed of all important lunar events." With extremely cool illos. Terribly subtle.

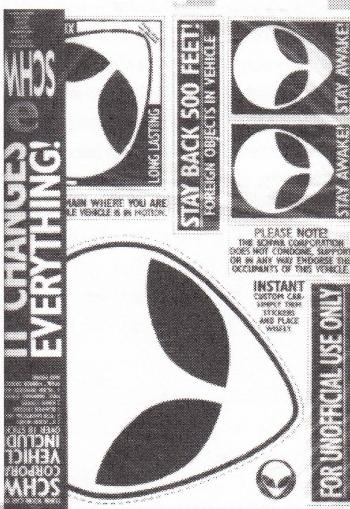


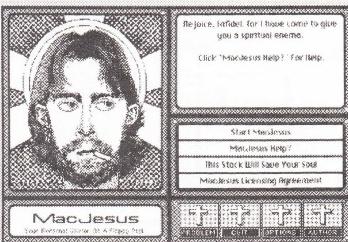
World's Greatest Computer Disk stickers

...by Black Eye Design

MEME-0080, \$2.95 each, 0.026kg

That's right, these are really great. Each packet has 12 diskette labels, each with color artwork, infoburbis and plenty of space left over for labeling your bytes. Five collections available: Sci Fi, Circus, Mystery, Smiles, Dinosaurs. Specify style collection with your order.



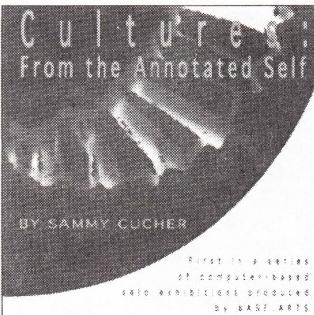


MacJesus

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0020, \$9.25 each, 0.043kg

"Your personal Saviour on a floppy disk." Claims to help give you "an inside track when dealing with the Creator Of The Universe." An interactive mano-a-mano with that special avatar, for personal evaluation/advice. Based on Hypercard 1.2 - with special thanx to Miss Fifi LaRoue for "helping write the really dirty stuff."



Cultures: From the Annotated Self

...by bASEARTS

MELT-0080, \$15.00 each, 0.034kg

First in a series of disk-based solo exhibitions, this time featuring Sammy Cucher, who's work has shown at MOMA, Ars Electronica, etc. "Digital images...inquiring into the relationship between art and science...akin to automatic writing." Mac or PC. Other feature artists upcoming.



Ambulance

...by Electronic Hollywood

MELT-0035, \$15.00 each, 0.037kg

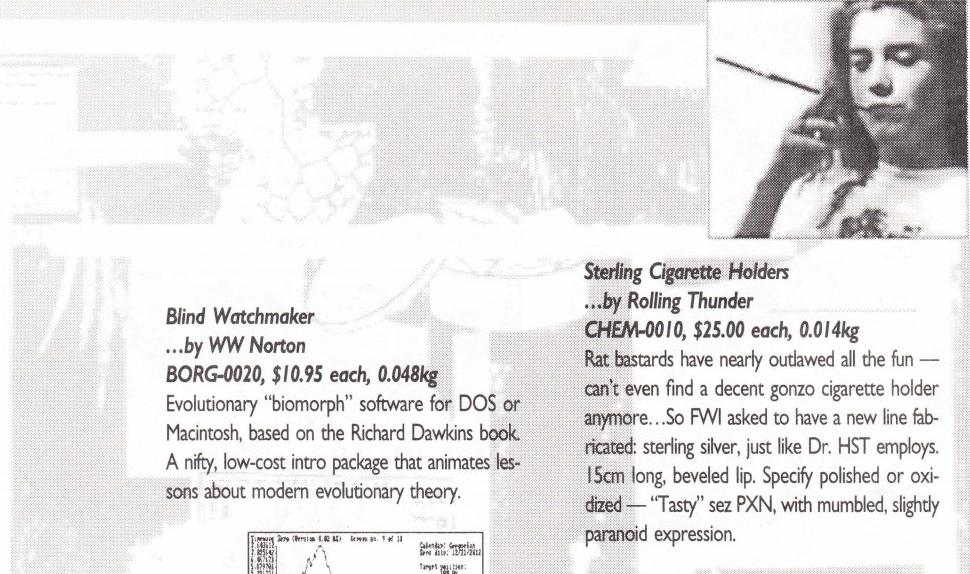
Sound-tracked horror novel of five LA post-collegiate twenty-something posers. "Upon John's release from rehab, they crash their car in a deserted stretch of Hollywood Hills and get picked up by a serial killer masquerading as an ambulance driver." Non-linear story by Monica Moran lets you chose doors, windows to alter plot. Hyper-text links for plot clues, animation by Jaime Levy, artwork by Jaime Hernandez of Love and Rockets, soundtrack by Mike Watt. Requires: Mac w/ 6.0.7 or later, 2 Mb RAM, ships on 1.4 Mb floppy.

Digital Psychic

...by Jeff Posey

GROK-0070, \$14.95 each, 0.031kg

DOS software for digital seances. "Requires VGA graphics, mouse and a relaxed state of mind." Stonehenge pix for your visual/psychic pleasure. If you've ever used a Ouija board, then you know what to do...

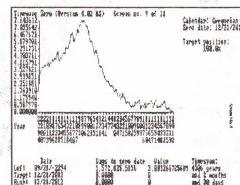


Blind Watchmaker

...by WW Norton

BORG-0020, \$10.95 each, 0.048kg

Evolutionary "biomorph" software for DOS or Macintosh, based on the Richard Dawkins book. A nifty, low-cost intro package that animates lessons about modern evolutionary theory.

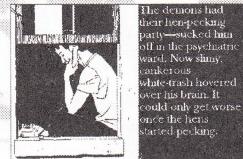


Timewave Zero

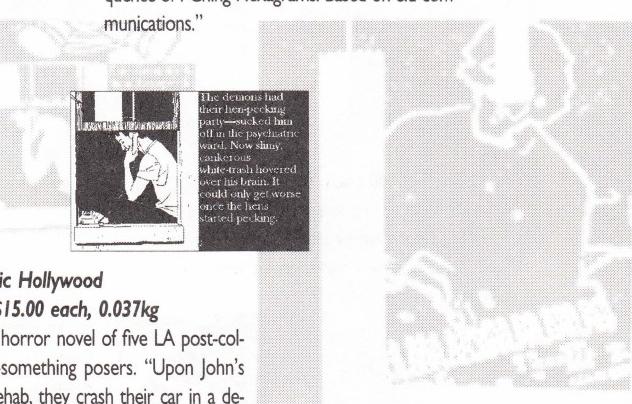
...by Dolphin Software

BORG-0032, \$49.00 each, 0.247kg

Hexagram #49: "The magician is the one who make the calendar." Tis high time for an "archaic revival"...this DOS software illustrates Terence McKenna's theoretical work on Novelty, Time and the end of history, i.e. Singularity. "A precision instrument for exploring the theory of time as a fractal wave derived from the King Wen Sequence of I Ching Hexagrams. Based on e.t. communications."



The demons had their hen-pecking party—sucked him off in the psychiatric ward, the shiny, pale torso, white-trash hovered over his brain. It could only get worse once the hens started pecking.



FRED13 demo

...by Robitron Software Research

GZMO-0081, \$43.00 each, 0.085kg

Natural language one-liner dialog generator. AI used for the FRED13 topic of the "mondo" conference on the WELL. Has 12K phrase/response records, enough to hold a pretty loose conversation. Great for intelligent agents on a BBS; DOS or Unix. Another version (GZMO-0080, \$199.95 each, 0.185kg) also learns new phrases. Source licenses available.



Beyond Cyberpunk! stack v1.5

...by The Computer Lab

MELT-0001, \$35.00 each, 0.185kg

New Update! Multimedia tour-de-force of art, literature, thought and practice in a postmodern/cyberpunk genre. "Like scuba diving in an Encyclopedia." Bruce Sterling, Richard Kadrey, Paul Di Filippo, Steve Brown, Hakim Bey, Rudy Rucker, Peter Sugarman, Gareth Branwyn and Mark Frauenfelder, and even other famous people working under pseudonyms, all cross linked via hypertext with industrial sound track, animation clips, digital book marks and a dictionary that pronounces its terms. "You may find yourself washed up onto an alien shore someday, and you'd better be ready." Requires HyperCard 2.x.



Sterling Cigarette Holders

...by Rolling Thunder

CHEM-0010, \$25.00 each, 0.014kg

Rat bastards have nearly outlawed all the fun — can't even find a decent gonzo cigarette holder anymore...So FWI asked to have a new line fabricated: sterling silver, just like Dr. HST employs. 15cm long, beveled lip. Specify polished or oxidized — "Tasty" sez PNX, with mumbled, slightly paranoid expression.



PIECE t-shirt

...by GLOD

SKIN-0080, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

"PIECE...be with you." Detroit piece-symbols. Ammo not included. Black on white cotton. XL size only. GOD + GOLD = GLOD.

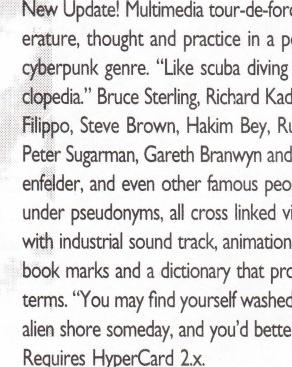


FRED13 demo

...by Robitron Software Research

GZMO-0081, \$43.00 each, 0.085kg

Natural language one-liner dialog generator. AI used for the FRED13 topic of the "mondo" conference on the WELL. Has 12K phrase/response records, enough to hold a pretty loose conversation. Great for intelligent agents on a BBS; DOS or Unix. Another version (GZMO-0080, \$199.95 each, 0.185kg) also learns new phrases. Source licenses available.



Legion Of Doom t-shirt

...by Phrack

SKIN-0070, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

Famed LOD "Internet World Tour" shirt flies again, with "Hacking For Jesus '91" on the back. Black on white cotton. XL size only.



Voltar masks

...by Duran

WEAR-0030, \$25.00 each, 0.352kg

In the tense battles to protect Voltar, one of the last remaining M-class planets of a nearby star system, superhero Duran has produced electronically enhanced masks to protect Voltar agents. Crafted from recycled electronic scraps, blinking LED circuits, see-thru plastic mesh, sunglasses and velcro, these masks might help the wearer to perceive beyond the media mindwash. Fun at parties. Uses 4 watch batteries.

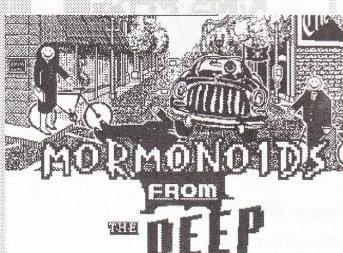


DIS NET t-shirt

...by Dissemination Network

SKIN-0030, \$12.00 each, 0.273kg

Info-theoretic media samples, guerilla semiotics (see CD's). Glow-in-the-dark on black cloth. XL size only. Designs may mutate over time.



Mormonoids From The Deep

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0021, \$9.25 each, 0.043kg

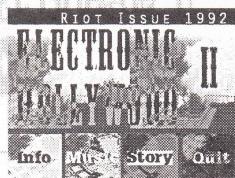
A 2 disk set for one of the best adventure games on the Mac, depending on your tastes: you have a .45, a nuclear detonator, a rapidly waning collection of beers as lifeblood and you're stuck in a small, sociopathic Mormon town in northern Utah. What do you do next?

'Wareware earrings

...by Patty's Stuff

WEAR-0020, \$5.00 each, 0.023kg

Computer chips recycled into jewelry. Earrings come in three designs: dangling on hooks, piercing on posts, and "puncture" (pierce with chip leads cut to look like a chip implant). Custom designs available on request; ask us for contact info.



Cyber Rag I

Cyber Rag II

Cyber Rag III

Electronic Hollywood I

Electronic Hollywood II

...by Electronic Hollywood

MELT-0030, \$6.00 each, 0.037kg

Mac electronic publications from premiere techno-punk electronic zinester Jaime Levy. *Mondo 2000 #7: "Angst animations, premenstrual poetry, rambunctious reviews, seductive sound samples" as well as subversive info for all. Started out as a student project that frankly just took over. Electronic muchomedia with cutting insight, captivating production and a severe attitude! Each issue editorializes the frustrations of big city life from a Post-Boomer POV as La Editrix wanders from NYC to SF to LA to NYC to SF to LA to...*

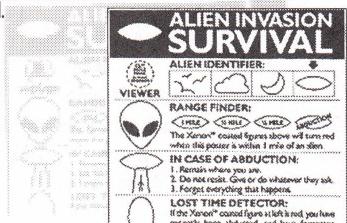


Hacker

...by Steve Jackson Games

PLAY-0010, \$17.76 each, 0.455kg

The United States Secret Service wanted SJG's GURPS Cyberpunk game book so badly, They violated several Fed laws just to seize it... (Shows you how much time They spent protecting G. Bush's life.) This board game was written as a satire of the SS ordeal — similar to Illuminati, but w/ a lot of Jolt Cola and monster modems mixed in... Boot up your Hackintosh and watch out for your alleged friends. Fnord.



ALIEN INVASION SURVIVAL

ALIEN IDENTIFIER:

• HEAD • HELM • SPACER

VIEWER

RANGE FINDER:

• HEAD • HELM • SPACER

The Xenon™ coated figure above will turn red when this power is within 1 mile of an alien.

IN CASE OF ABDUCTION:

1. Remove your G-vest

2. Do not run. Give in whatever they ask.

3. Forget everything that happens.

LOST TIME DETECTOR:

If the Xenon™ coated figure is left in red, you have recently been abducted, and have forgotten everything. Act incongruously.

Alien Invasion Survival card

...by Schwa

MEME-0201, \$1.00 each, 0.026kg

"Identify aliens instantly with the amazing Xenon coated identifier" on a keychain. Includes: abduction rangefinder, lost time detector, abduction rules, saucer viewer, etc. Includes a peephole so that you can see what happens when they don't think you are watching.

Alien Invasion Survival poster

...by Schwa

MEME-0204, 4.00 each, 0.136kg

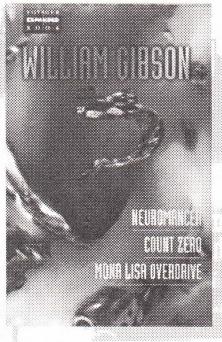
Curiously similar to above, but much larger. Unofficial wall-mounted version.

Every Picture Tells A Lie

...by Schwa

MEME-0202, \$1.00 each, 0.004kg

5cm alien head sticker with "Every Picture Tells A Lie" motto. Help shape the future!



Expanded Books:

Neuromancer, Count Zero, Mona Lisa Overdrive

The Complete Annotated Alice

The Complete Hitchhiker's Guide

Genius: Life & Science of R. Feynman

Jurassic Park (w/ sounds)

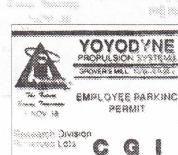
Amusing Ourselves To Death / Brave New World

Asimov Complete Stories, vol. 1

...by Voyager Company

MELT-0100, \$18.00 each, 0.088kg

Mac software for electronic versions of popular novels with illustrations, sounds, hypertext links, digital bookmarks and even hidden extras in the stories. Run word and phrase searches, add margin comments and end notes, highlight text, etc. "Electronic text is a dynamic medium that enables you to become a more active reader." Requires: System 6.0.7 or later w/ 31cm or larger monitor, HyperCard 2.1, 1.4 Mb disks.



Yoyodyne Parking Permit

...by Pegasus Publishing

MEME-0030, \$1.50 each, 0.003kg

Now you can safely park your vehicle in any of the eight dimensional slots. Transparent decal, 8x10cm.

MacSpud!

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0022, \$12.25 each, 0.185kg

In the closing days of the 20th century, a major portion of the world's oil reserves are accidentally destroyed during a limited nuclear exchange between South Yemen and Liechtenstein. Alas, a French firm named Herpes Simplex converts potatoes into ethanol, giving rise to wealth, relative danger in Celibate Idaho. Mac, 2 disks. You will!

Gretchen Phillips Experience



Welcome To My World and a Half tape

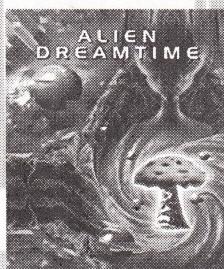
...by Gretchen Phillips Experience
MUSE-0040, \$7.00 each, 0.065kg

Gretchen Phillips invitingly calls your name, beckons with one crooked finger, and then says in a sultry voice, "Welcome to My World And a Half."

Timothy Leary's Greatest Hits

...by KnoWare
BOOK-0010, \$15.00 each, 0.247kg

Signed, limited edition of monographs including: Alternatives to Involuntary Death, Criminalizing the Natural & Naturalizing the Criminal, How I Became An Amphibian, The Eternal Antidote to Facism: Just Say Know, and more!



Alien Dreamtime

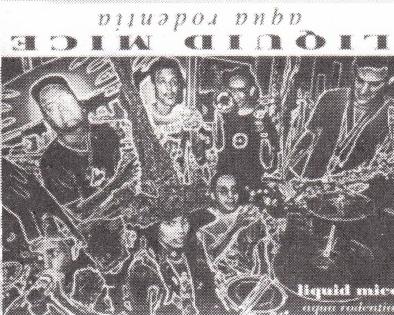
...by ROSE*X Media House
NTSC-0030, \$20.00 each, 0.335kg

Tape of a live multimedia event in SF, 26-27 Feb 93. Designed to recreate a good trip; definite must-see for any true head. Can u say "aliens"... "visuals"... "singularity"? Terence McKenna rants in tongues better than Robert Tilton, recounting the DMT elven/alien lingo, rapping his ethnobotanical theories "Archaic Revival", "Alien Love" & "Time Wave Zero" during a rave, with live video scratching by ROSE*X, techno loops by Space Time Continuum, didgeridoo by Stephen Kent. 60 min.

Flux Oersted tape

...by Robitron Software Research
MUSE-0030, \$4.00 each, 0.065kg

Music from the fringes of the electromagnetic field. Subversive, computer augmented songs recorded by robitron aka Flux Oersted.



Aqua Rodentia tape

...by Liquid Mice
MUSE-0050, \$7.00 each, 0.065kg

Experimental jazz from a fine, fine blend of minds, now on Monkey Boy Records. See Mondo #11 for Jon's review.

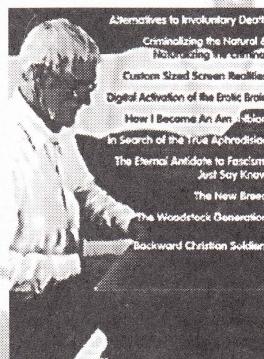


Unshaved Truths

...by FringeWare Inc.
ZINE-000x, \$5 each, 0.156kg

Issue#3 (ZINE-0004) "Austin's foremost contribution to zine kulchur..." Gonzo fiction and high weirdness that features: Don Webb, Jerod Pore, Wendy Wheeler, Peter Meyer, Carlos Rumbaut, Robert Glenn & more! Edited by Jon Lebkowsky.

Issue#4 (ZINE-0004) Cyborganic gonzo fiction: "network, elves, horses, dreams, elevator, carcrash, dallas, morphs". Don Webb, Wendy Wheeler, Jon Lebkowsky, Milton Gomelez, C.A. Rumbaut and more.



Fringe Ware Review

...by FringeWare Inc.
ZINE-001x, \$5.00 each, 0.148kg

Premier issue (ZINE-0011) Survival on the margins of cyberspace. Tom Jennings, Bob Black, gonzo fiction by Don Webb, etc.

Survival Issue (ZINE-0012) Cyborganic, Applied Memetics, Info Economics, etc. Mindfood truck-stop on the Information Superyaweh.

Environmental Issue (ZINE-0013) David Blair on WAX, discourse on media environs. Ivan Stang i.v. by Wiley Wiggins. Awarded "Editor's Choice" by Factsheet Five.

Psyberchix Issue (ZINE-0014) Special guest editors Erika Whiteway and Tiffany Lee Brown on gender viz. virtual community and media.

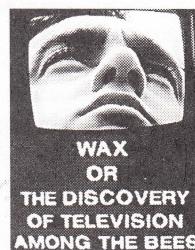
Stay Awake Issue (ZINE-0015) Jon Lebkowsky edits, John Shirley on Gurdjieff, UFO resources, Schwa cover.



Dissemination Network

...by Dissemination Network
MUSE-0010, \$10.00 each, 0.108kg

Texas' premier Tek-Know video scratch artists. "Guerilla media terrorism from the high-tech underground." No frontmen, no guitars: lets media samples & scratches do the talking over loops... "It's about the Information." Public Enemy meets Front 242, online; compared with Aeon, Consolidated, Meat Beat.



WAX OR THE DISCOVERY OF TELEVISION AMONG THE BEES

...by First Run Features
NTSC-0010, \$59.95 each, 0.335kg

A mere 2000 dissolves, produced by David Blair, trace the revenge of the dead through alien contacts, occultist NASA hacker reincarnation and nuclear weapons tests into the realm of bee television. "Authentically peculiar...like something from the network vaults of an alternate universe" sez William Gibson. 85 min.

mission statement

Neotribalism in the Global Village... FringeWare, Inc. (FWI) is a small commercial enterprise dedicated to community development around a fringe marketplace where the edges of diverse alternative cultures intersect. We feel that the market is the core of any community, and sick markets mean sick communities... just look around.

FringeWare acknowledges the essential importance of trade, but our mission is to create a context for E.F. Schumacher's "Economics as if People Mattered."

What's in the Fringe Market? We focus on publications, events, and products that we find interesting, fun, and enlightening...we engage in the following business activities:

- Publishing printed and electronic periodicals, including *Fringe Ware Review* (ISSN 1069-5656) and *Unshaved Truths* (ISSN 1075-4458)
- Operating a retail outlet and a mail order service, selling street tech, software, gizmos, wearable subversive memes, etc.
- Hosting an Internet mailing list for information from/about the cultural and technological fringes and providing an automated list server for FWI archives. See p. I for details...
- Organizing events in cooperation with other firms and organizations on the Fringes

We're learning that people can survive quite nicely without huge corporations, huge governments, and huge dogmas pushing their lives. So here is the FringeWare alternative:

Start your own corporation. Trade with other like-minded people throughout the Global Village. Encourage innovation and promote entrepreneurship. Promote fair, cooperative business practices. Emphasize products that facilitate creativity, health, and play. Explore consciousness alternatives. Build community through advanced, available technologies, e.g. computer networks. Respect and consider the natural environment by promoting sustainable resource use. Have fun, be weird, and make what it takes to survive.

Welcome to the Fringes of art, technology, and society. From here innovation emerges, and here survival, through cooperation and use of the unexpected, counts. Thanx!

$\frac{1}{e^2}$

FRINGEW ARE INC.

po box 49921, austin, tx 78765-9921 usa

51st & Duval, austin (behind New Bohemia)

+1 512 323 0039 / +1 512 323 9798 fax

info@fringeware.com

<http://fringeware.com>



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